W. W. McN.

THE

ANTIJACOBIN

Review and Magazine,

&c. &c. &c.

For JANUARY, 1809.

Loquor de docto homine et erudito, cui vivere est cogitare. CICERO.

Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. 4to. 1l. 7s.; 8vo. 12s.; with profiles of Bishops Warburton and Hurd. Cadell and Davies. 1809.

THE private literary converse (for confidential letters are nothing but conversations divested of their oracular tautology, and reduced to writing) of such men as Bishops Warburton and Hurd, cannot fail to interest all persons of taste and learning, not only in the present, but also in future ages. It has been justly observed, by several French writers, that "*les lettres des hommes celebres sont, ordinairement, la partie la plus curieuse de leurs ecrits;*" and when they are published, as in the present instance, without any alterations or modulations to the public taste, they furnish the best and most interesting specimens of literary biography, which we can ever hope to see. The originals of this correspondence were deposited in port-folios under the following inscription and character, in the hand-writing of the late Bishop Hurd.

"These letters give so true a picture of the writer's (Warburton's) character, and are, besides, so worthy of him in all respects (I mean, if the reader can forgive the playfulness of his wit in some instances, and the partiality of his friendship in many more), that, in honour of his memory, I would have them published after my death, and the *profits*, arising from the sale of them, applied to the *benefit* of the *Worcester Infirmary*.

"*January* 18, 1793. R. WORCESTER."

So far these volumes may be directly useful to the cause of humanity; but the glowing and reiterated praise of the

author of the "Moral and Political Dialogues," which abounds in these letters, would induce a suspicion that the worthy bishop had a mixed motive in this charitable donation. The warmth, however, of a mutual and ardent friendship may sufficiently excuse the rather overstrained panegyric of the respective authors, especially as they do not appear to have been either parsimonious of applause to their other friends, or extremely cautious in the censure of their opponents, or perhaps enemies. Their ingenuousness, if not their candour, is a proof of the natural goodness of their dispositions. The perspicacity, quickness, and ingenuous sensibility of Warburton were happily associated with the more grave insinuating suavity and neatness of Hurd. The former had wit, intrepidity of thought, and vivacity; the latter, humour, prudent circumspection, and diffident tenderness;—the one depended on the boldness and originality of his conceptions for the attainment of his object; the other, on the usefulness and practicability of his measures. These, at least, are the impressions which the countenances of those two learned men would naturally make on the observing spectator unprejudiced by their writings; and they are not very different from the conclusions which might be drawn from the history of their respective lives. Mrs. Warburton, indeed, as sensible women are generally very accurate observers of character, considered Mr. Hurd as a "courtier" so early as 1750; and his subsequent appointment of tutor to the Prince of Wales and Duke of York confirmed the justness of her observations. Hurd's diffidence also not unfrequently assumed, to common observers, the character of meanness; and his timidity rendered him content with directing his own conduct by the laws of rigid rectitude, without attempting to check, as he ought to have done, the aberrations of others. In this manner he acted the supple courtier without very materially corrupting the natural purity of his own mind; and hence his upright example, unaccompanied with any pointed precept, was much less efficient than necessary to the welfare of society. It is to be regretted, that in bequeathing these letters to posterity, he has, with some exceptions, carefully concealed his own opinions, and given only such a number of his answers to Warburton, especially in the early part of their correspondence, as leaves us room to conclude that more of them might have been procured had the author thought proper. The first of the series is dated "Bedford-row, June 1, 1749," and the correspondence without intermission is continued to "Dec.

19, 1776;" during a period of twenty-seven years, and consisting of 257 letters, but a small number of which were written by Hurd. About 150 of the most distinguished writers of the last century are here criticised, or rather honoured, with an opinion of their talents and principles; and although the utmost freedom is used, the observations appear not to be dictated either by personal malice or envy. We shall extract some of the remarks, all of which are characteristic of the author's usual acuteness, many of them profound and just, a considerable number paradoxical and visionary, and not a few totally false. Speaking of Hurd's Commentary on Horace's Epistles to Augustus and the Pisos, Dr. Warburton greatly preferred the commentator's reasoning on that to the Pisos, and thus expresses himself on Pope's imitations; which is so far curious, as he has been most unjustly accused of writing one opinion and believing another respecting the works of this poet.

"Mr. Pope, you know, uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas. And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own without ceremony or scruple. Hence it is, that he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and gay where the other is disgusted. Had it been his purpose to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides his comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious* felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most adorned with ease. But his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, are of another school. If you ask then why he took any body to imitate, I will tell you—these imitations being of the nature of parodies, they add a borrowed grace and vigour to his original wit."

In a subsequent letter Dr. Bentley is defended against the cabal formed by Garth, Swift, and Pope, although his plagiarism from Vizzanius is admitted; and Dr. Warburton affirms, with his usual acumen, that Bentley's Defence, which the Oxford people could not answer, "was his conviction," as it proved that he originally translated from Vizzanius, and not Jamblicus, as he first pretended and afterwards actually did. Of Hume the writer speaks several times; and the following observations, when treating of his Julian, will furnish a fine treat to the *petit maitre* of the Edinburgh Review, for a pompous declamation on the intolerance of English prelates, and a philippic against the English established church: it will also affect his national prejudices, and

excite his vindictive ire on behalf of metaphysics and his country.

"I am strongly tempted too to have a stroke at Hume in parting. He is the author of a little book called 'Philosophical Essays,' in one part of which he argues against the being of a God, and in another (very needlessly you will say) against the possibility of miracles. He has crowned the liberty of the press—and yet he has a considerable post under government. I have a great mind to do justice on his arguments against miracles, which, I think, might be done in a few words. But does he deserve notice? Is he known amongst you? Pray answer me these questions. For if his own weight keeps him down, I should be sorry to *contribute to his advancement to any place but the pillory.*" P. 14. Sept. 28, 1749.

"There is an epidemic madness amongst us; to-day we burn with the feverish heat of superstition, to-morrow we stand fixed and frozen in atheism. Expect to hear that the churches are all crowded next Friday; and that on Saturday they buy up Hume's new Essays; the first of which (and please you) is *The Natural History of Religion;* for which I will trim the rogue's jacket, at least sit upon his skirts, as you will see when you come hither, and find his margins scribbled over. In a word, the Essay is to establish an atheistic naturalism, like Bolingbroke; and he goes upon one of Bolingbroke's capital arguments, that idolatry and polytheism were before the worship of one God. It is full of absurdities; and here I come in with him; for they show themselves knaves: but, as you will observe, to do their business, is to show them fools. They say this man has several moral qualities. It may be so: but there are vices of the mind as well as body; and a wickeder heart, and more determined to do public mischief, I think I never knew. This Essay has so much provoked me, that I have a great deal to say to him on other accounts." P. 239. Feb. 1757.

"Hume has outdone himself in this new history, in showing his contempt of religion. This is one of those proof charges which Arbuthnot speaks of in his Treatise of *Political Lying*, to try how much the public will bear. If his history be well received, I shall conclude that there is even an end of all pretence to religion. But I should think it will not; because I fancy the good reception of Robertson's proceeded from the *decency* of it. Hume carries on his system here, to prove we had *no constitution* till the struggles with James and Charles procured us one. And he has contrived an effectual way to support his system, by beginning the History of England with Henry VII, and *shutting out* all that preceded, by assuring his readers that the earlier history is worth no one's while to enquire after." P. 282. March, 1759.

The respective dates of these sentiments will show that they are not the effusions of a momentary impulse, but the deliberate and confirmed opinions of ten years' experience. That Hume wrote his essays merely to attract attention by their extravagance, is confessed by himself, in the Memoirs of his own life: it is also acknowledged that they fell still-

born from the press. When in France, he was considered by Voltaire, and the other self-called philosophers, as an inflexible believer in Christianity; and was uniformly reproached for not having "disabused himself of the prejudices of education." It is no less certain that he still really believed in the principal doctrines of revelation, that he endeavoured to shape his conduct by its precepts, and that he hoped to atone for his speculative errors by the purity and virtue of his life otherwise. Vanity, insatiable vanity, led him to adopt any measures he could think of as the most probable to attain immediate celebrity. His shrewd mind readily perceived that great vices are always more promptly, and perhaps too more permanently (especially where they are in direct contradiction to the established habits of civil society), distinguished than great virtues; and, after witnessing the success of the French philosophers, he determined on the easiest and shortest road to fame, by attacking religion in a country which has always been eminent for its piety.

In one of these interesting letters, most of which abound in curious facts relative to literature, as well as literary opinions, we learn that the plan of the Essays on the Characteristics was originally given by Pope to Warburton, and from him to Browne. Pope observed, that "to his knowledge the Characteristics had done more harm to revealed religion in England than all the works of infidelity put together." The maxims of Lord Halifax are allowed to be generally solid and useful: Bishop Berkeley, it is added, "is indeed a great man, and the only visionary I ever knew that was."—This anecdote of Whiston must show the vanity of human wisdom.

"Pray did you feel either of those earthquakes? [In March, 1759.] They have made Whiston ten times madder than ever. He went to an alehouse at Mile-end, to see one who, it was said, had predicted the earthquakes. The man told him it was true, and that he had it from an angel. Whiston rejected this as apocryphal. For he was well assured, that if the favour of this secret was to be communicated to any one, it would be to himself. He is so enraged at Middleton [author of the Free Inquiry into Miracles], that he has just now quarrelled downright with the Speaker for having spoke a good word for him many years ago in the affair of the mastership of the Charter-house. The Speaker the other day sent for him to dinner; he said he would not come. His lady sent; he would not come. She went to him, and clambered up into his garret to ask him about the earthquake. He told her, 'Madam, you are a 'virtuous woman—you need not fear, none but the wicked will be 'destroyed. You will escape. I would not give the same promise to

'your husband.' What will this poor nation come to! In the condition of troops between two fires—the madness of irreligion and the madness of fanaticism." P. 47.

The following reflexions on religion are worthy of attention, although the remarks on the Hebrew Bible are extremely precipitate.

"I hear Dr. Middleton has been lately at London (I suppose to consult Dr. Heberden about his health), and is returned in an extreme bad condition. The scribblers against him will say they have killed him. But, by what Mr. Yorke told me, his bricklayer will dispute the honour of his death with them. Seriously I am much concerned for the poor man, and wish he may recover with all my heart. Had he had, I will not say piety, but greatness of mind enough not to suffer the pretended injuries of some churchmen to prejudice him against religion, I should love him living, and honour his memory when dead. But, good God! that man, for the discourtesies done him by his miserable fellow-creatures, should be content to divest himself of the true *viaticum*—the comfort, the solace, the asylum from all the evils of human life, is perfectly astonishing. I believe no one (all things considered) has suffered more from the low and vile passions of the high and low amongst our brethren than myself. Yet God forbid it should ever suffer me to be cold in the Gospel interests, which are indeed so much my own, that without it I should be disposed to consider humanity as the most forlorn part of the creation!" P. 55.

"I think you should begin [the study of the Bible] with those two great masterpieces of erudition, Morinus's 'Exercitations' and Capellus's 'Critica Sacra,' in the order I name them,—I need not say in the best editions. You will see, by this recommendation, of what party I am with regard to the authentic text; being persuaded, that, had it not been for the Septuagint, the Hebrew Bible would have been as unintelligible as any cypher is without its key, by which nothing could be learned; or rather, since the invention of the Hebrew points, a complete nose of wax, to be turned every way, and made say every thing. Which partly arises from the beggarly scantiness of the language, partly because no more remains of the tongue than is contained in one single book of no great bigness, but principally from there having been no vowel points affixed till many ages after it was become a dead language. This impenetrable darkness was a fit scene for mysteries, and out of this they rose in abundance; first by the cultivation of Cabalistic Jews of old; in these latter times by Cocceius in Holland; and by Hutchinson amongst us; which now is growing into a fashionable madness." P. 59.

In 1750, Dr. Warburton observes, "our London books are like our London veal,—never fit for entertainment, or the table, till they have been well puffed and blown up:" but what would this learned author say, did he now see our public papers filled with booksellers' puffs of their own publications! The good bishop, however, was not so happy in all his re-

flexions as in the above; and it is plain that chagrin sometimes gave a turn to his sentiments, as when he asks—

"How happened it, in the definitions of man, that *reason* is always made *essential* to him? Nobody ever thought of making *goodness* so; and yet it is certain there are as few reasonable men as there are good. Man might be as properly defined an *animal to whom a sword is essential*, as *one to whom reason is essential*. For there are as few that *can*, and yet fewer that *dare*, use the one as the other."

He is much more correct in discussing the subject of the drama.

"The proper end of *tragedy*," he observes, "is by the *pathos* to excite the passions of pity and terror, &c. *Comedy* delineates life by *humour*, to produce the sensation of pleasure; and *farce*, by what is called *burlesque* to excite laughter."

When unnatural plots are used, he continues—

"The mind is not only entirely *drawn off* from the characters by those surprising turns and revolutions, but characters have no opportunity even of being *called out* and displaying themselves. For the actors of all characters *succeed* and are *embarrassed* alike, when the instruments for carrying on designs are only *perplexed apartments, dark entries, disguised habits*, and *ladders of ropes*. The comic plot is and must, indeed, be carried on by *deceit*. The Spanish scene does it by deceiving the man *through his senses*; Terence and Moliere by deceiving him *through his passions and affections*. This is the right; for the character is *not* called out under the first species of deceit: under the second, the character does *all*."

These observations must be admitted to be equally acute and just; yet we now despair of ever seeing any thing like legitimate comedy, so inveterate is the misguided selfishness of modern managers.

The character of Harris the grammarian is mutually considered by these friends as "now to sense, now nonsense, leaning; just as antiquity inclines him;" a sentence which is more pointed than just, and sufficiently paradoxical. The character of Byrom is much more accurate; "certainly a man of genius plunged deep into the rankest fanaticism."

"If I were to define enthusiasm," observes Bishop Warburton, "I would say it is such an irregular exercise of the mind as makes us give a stronger assent to the *conclusion*, than the evidence of the premises will warrant: then reason begins to be betrayed, and then enthusiasm properly commences. This shows why enthusiasm is more frequent in religious matters than in any other; for those interests being very momentous, the passions bear the greatest sway, and reason is the least heard."

The generally-received opinion that Pope's Essay on Man is only a versification of Bolingbroke's sentiments, is here decisively denied, and proved to be without any foundation in fact; indeed, it is not to be supposed that so decided an infidel as his lordship, and one so indifferent about morality, could have taken so much pains to "vindicate the ways of God to man." Bolingbroke's three tracts were prefaced by a letter to Pope, which is characterised by Warburton as "a kind of common-place (and a poor one) of free-thinking objections and disingenuity." This statesman's spleen against the divine is ascribed to "his great jealousy of my taking Pope out of his hands by my *Commentary* on the great principle of the Essay, *the following Nature and Nature's God.*" The letter he considers—

"A full confutation of that invidious report, that Pope had his philosophy from Bolingbroke, and only turned his prose letters into verse. For here it appears that the Essay on Man was published before Bolingbroke composed his first philosophical epistle. In a word, if it was not for the very curious and well-written Letter to Sir William Windham, this letter to Pope would be received with great neglect.—So far for this pigmy giant!"

And so far are we pleased to find that Warburton was convinced in his private opinion that Pope owed nothing to Bolingbroke; for however many parts of the Essay on Man may be objectionable, as a whole its general tendency is too good to have originated with any person who founded his claims to distinction on no more solid a basis than that of disbelieving the great truths of religion. We are therefore sorry that the Bishop's conclusion, although legitimate, is not supported by better premises. Although Pope's Epistles appeared before Bolingbroke's, yet as the one was a regular, and the other only an occasional author, it is not improbable that the statesman (for his letters on history justly entitle him to this rare character) might have communicated the principal materials to the poet. This is the more probable, that the most inveterate infidels, never being able to quash entirely their own apprehensions that religion *may* be true, generally become great moralisers; and, in withholding their faith from religion, bestow it in abundance on moral precept. Still, however, it is not less possible that the contemplation of Bolingbroke's genius and infidelity might have awakened all those reflexions in Pope's mind, which appear in the Essay on Man, without any other communication; and it is at least certain, that whoever was the original author

of the reflexions, they must have been sublimed and christianised with the sentiments of the poet.

One of the first of Bishop Hurd's letters in this collection contains such a trait of filial respect, that it would be great injustice to his memory not to notice it particularly. It is dated in July, 1754, above five years after the correspondence of these two learned divines had become regular.

"The truth is, I go to pass some time [at Shiffnal in Shropshire] with two of the best people in the world, to whom I owe the highest duty, and have all possible obligation. I believe I never told you how happy I am in an excellent father and mother—very plain people you may be sure, for they are farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honoured any rank and any education. With very tolerable, but in no degree affluent circumstances, their generosity was such, they never regarded any expense that was in their power, and almost out of it, in whatever concerned the welfare of their children. We are three brothers of us. The eldest settled very reputably in their own way, and the youngest in the Birmingham trade. For myself, a *poor scholar,* as you know, I am almost ashamed to own to you how solicitous they always were to furnish me with all the opportunities of the best and most liberal education. My case in so many particulars resembles that which the Roman poet describes as his own, that with Pope's wit I could apply almost every circumstance of it. And if ever I were to wish in earnest to be a poet, it would be for the sake of doing justice to so uncommon a virtue. I should be a wretch if I did not conclude, as he does, "*si Natura juberet,*" &c. In a word, when they had fixed us in such a rank of life as they designed, and believed should satisfy us, they very wisely left the business of the world to such as wanted it more, or liked it better. They considered what age and declining health seemed to demand of them, reserving to themselves only such a support as their few and little wants made them think sufficient. I should beg pardon for troubling you with this humble history; but the subjects of it are so much and so tenderly in my thoughts at present, that if I writ [wrote] at all, I could hardly help writing about them." P. 162.

We have observed, that these letters abound in the paradoxes and errors of Warburton: the following is an instance of both, in reply to some objections of Dr. Hurd's against several opinions expressed in his sermons. "*Nature and human society alone seem not to determine against polygamy.* Why I said so was, replies Bishop Warburton, because it was allowed to the Jews; and I apprehend nothing was indulged them against the law of nature." Here the divine confounds permission with sanction, and the corrupted institutions of the Jews with the law of nature, contrary to moral and physical evidence. The Jews not unfrequently "in-

dulged" themselves in idolatry and other pollutions; so do savages: hence the bishop might as well conclude that such corruptions are not *against* the law of nature, although that must ever be congenial and consistent with *reasonable* beings. It is too a dangerous paradox to maintain that the apostle's meaning of "fornication" applied only to the violation of "the Jewish prohibited degrees" of marriage; for this is what appears to be the meaning of the author in reply to the well-founded objections of his friend. The distinction between the degrees of intermarriage prohibited by nature, and those by the Jewish laws, is eminently just; but the author evidently labours under a very gross and unaccountable misconception both of the moral law and the law of nature. A somewhat similar error, perhaps occasioned by this of Warburton, led the late ingenious but ill-judging Madden into the most extravagant and absurd notions of social virtue. We think however that Bishop Hurd, after witnessing the danger of the instance just mentioned, should either have accompanied this letter with some remarks tending to expose and obviate such a serious misconception, or have withheld it entirely from the public: the latter mode indeed was certainly preferable, as all such discussions tend only to raise, instead of settling, doubts on subjects which are so self-evident, that none but the depraved or the visionary could ever hesitate on the matter. On ecclesiastical law, Bishop Warburton is more worthy of attention, though here too his peculiar mode of thinking is apparent.

"Under the Norman and Plantagenet lines," he observes, "the prerogative rose or fell just as the pope or the barons ruled at court. But the principle of civil liberty was always in vigour [we might say that it is indigenous to the soil]. The barons were a licentious race in their private lives. The bishops threw them out a bait, which they were too wise to catch at. Subsequent marriage by the imperial laws, as well as canons, legitimated bastards as to succession. The common law kept them eternally in their state of bastardy. The barons' castles were full of bastards—the very name was honourable. At a parliament under Henry III. 'rogaverunt *omnes episcopi* ut consentirent quod nati ante matrimonium essent legitimi—*et omnes comites et barones* unâ voce responderunt *quod nolunt leges Angliæ* mutari.' Coke—Littleton, l. 3. c. 6. § 40. This famous answer has been quoted a thousand and a thousand times, and yet nobody seems to have understood the management. The bishops, as partisans of the pope, were for subjecting England to the imperial and papal laws, and therefore began with a circumstance most to the taste of the barons. The barons smelt the contrivance; and rejected a proposition most agreeable to them,

for fear of the consequences—the introduction of the imperial laws, whose very genius and essence was arbitrary despotic power. Their answer shows it, '*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari;*'—they had nothing to object to the reform, but they were afraid for the constitution.

"After the Reformation, the Protestant *divines*, as appears by the homilies composed by the wisest and most disinterested men, such as Cranmer and Latimer, preached up non-resistance very strongly; but it was only to oppose to popery. The case was this: the pope threatened to excommunicate and depose Edward—he did put his threats into execution against Elizabeth. *This was esteemed such a stretch of power, and so odious, that the Jesuits contrived all means to soften it.* One was by searching into the origin of civil power, which they brought rightly (though for *wicked purposes*) from the people; as Mariana and others. To combat this, and to save the person of the sovereign, the protestant divines preached up divine right—Hooker, superior to every thing, followed the truth. But it is remarkable that this *non-resistance*, that at the Reformation was employed to keep out popery, was at the Revolution employed to bring it in—so eternally is truth sacrificed to politics!" P. 198—200.

"In studying this period"(the civil wars, observes Dr. Warburton in a previous letter), "the most important, the most wonderful in all history, I suppose you will make Lord Clarendon's incomparable performance your ground-work. I think it will be understood to advantage, by reading, as an introduction to it, Rapin's reign of James I., and the first 14 years of Charles I. After this will follow *Whitlocke's Memoirs.* It is only a journal or diary, very ample, and full of important matters. The writer was learned in his own profession; thought largely in religion by the advantage of his friendship with Selden; for the rest, he is vain and pedantic; and on the whole a little genius. *Ludlow's Memoirs*, as to its composition, is below criticism; as to the matter, curious enough. With what spirit written, you may judge by his character, which was that of a furious, mad, but I think apparently honest, republican, and independent. *May's History of the Parliament* is a just *composition*, according to the rules of history. It is written with much judgment, penetration, manliness, and spirit; and with a candour that will greatly increase your esteem, when you understand that he wrote by order of his masters, the parliament. It breaks off (much to the loss of the history of that time) just when their armies were new modelled by the *self-denying ordinance.* This loss was attempted to be supplied by *Sprigge's History of Fairfax's exploits—non passibus æquis.* He was chaplain to the general; is not altogether devoid of May's candour, though he has little of his spirit. *Walker* says it was written by the famous Colonel Fiennes, though under Sprigge's name. It is altogether a military history, as the following one of Walker, called *The History of Independency*, is a civil one; or rather of the nature of a political pamphlet against the Independents. It is full of curious anecdotes; though written with much fury, by a wrathful presbyterian member, who was cast out of the saddle with the rest

by the Independents. Milton was even with him, in the firm and severe character he draws of the presbyterian administration, which you will find in the beginning of one of his books of the History of England, in the late uncastrated editions. In the course of the study of these writers, you will have perpetual occasion to verify or refute what they deliver, by turning over the authentic pieces in Nalson's, and especially Rushworth's, voluminous collections, which are vastly curious and valuable. The *Elenchus motuum* of *Bates*, and *Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs*, may be worth reading. Nor must that strange thing of Hobbes be forgot, called *The History of the Civil Wars:* it is in dialogue, and full of paradoxes, like all his other writings. More philosophical, political, or any thing rather than historical; yet full of shrewd observations. When you have digested the history of this period, you will find in Thurloe's large Collection many letters that will let you thoroughly into the genius of those times and persons." P. 148—150.

The last topic we shall notice is the character of the celebrated antiquary, Dr. Stukeley, and antiquarian literature.

"You say true, I have a tenderness in my temper which will make me miss poor Stukeley; for not to say that he was one of my oldest acquaintance, there was in him such a mixture of simplicity, drollery, absurdity, ingenuity, superstition, and antiquarianism, that he often afforded that kind of well-seasoned repast, which the French call an *ambigu;* I suppose, from a compound of things never meant to meet together. I have often heard him laughed at by fools, who had neither his sense, his knowledge, nor his honesty; though it must be confessed that in him they were all strangely travestied. Not a week before his death [at 84], he walked from Bloomsbury to Grosvenor-square, to pay me a visit; was cheerful as usual, and as full of literary projects. But his business was to solicit for the prebend of Canterbury: 'For,' added he, 'one never dies the sooner, you know, for seeking 'preferment.'

"*It is as you say of Percy's Ballads**. Pray is this the man who wrote about the Chinese? Antiquarianism is, indeed, to true letters, what specious funguses are to the oak; which never shoot out and flourish till all the vigour and virtue of that monarch of the grove be effete, and near exhausted†."

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* Similar allusions occur very often in these letters; and, wherever Dr. Hurd has first made an observation on any writer or his work, Dr. Warburton contents himself with expressing his approbation in this manner: the reader of course is obliged to guess or remain totally ignorant of the opinion of both writers, in consequence of Dr. Hurd's letters being withheld from the public.—This is not one of the least faults of this publication. *Rev.*

† This condemnation of "antiquarianism," will be of "infinite service" to the Bridge-street knight, who may found a volume or two on it, as he did on a sentence in Gray's Letters respecting travellers' descriptions. *Rev.*

We must now take our leave of the interesting conversations of these truly learned and, we doubt not, good men. The style of these epistles, which is not very dissimilar to that of the more finished works of their respective authors, is simple, sufficiently elevated, and perspicuous, but by no means either very correct or elegant. There is throughout these letters a philosophical and a sincere conviction of the importance of Christian faith and duty; yet they are as perfectly devoid of all affected piety, or the odious "cant of methodism," as they are of superstition, of which they are much freer than those of Hume or Voltaire.—Those who absurdly pretend that Christian faith is incompatible with rigid reason, need only read these confidential and private communications of two distinguished prelates, to be convinced of the falsehood of this notion. True Christianity indeed is but the perfection of right reason, and science is a necessary handmaid to both.

We shall only observe, that our quotations have been taken from the octavo edition; and we cannot express our approbation too warmly of the honest plan of enabling the public to indulge individual taste, by the purchase either of a costly splendid quarto, or a modest octavo at half the price. Independent also of the charitable purpose to which the profits of these volumes are consigned—their intrinsic merit, notwithstanding their personalities and too often repeated complimentary expressions, will recommend them to the serious perusal of a very numerous and very respectable class of readers.

Malcolm's *London during the Eighteenth Century.*

[Concluded from Vol. 31, p. 413.]

IN the anecdotes of depravity we find many particulars of that infamous deception, the South-Sea scheme, and a long list of other plans intended to get money by other practices than industry: gaming was the favourite of that day, as much as of the present; and the public were as easily duped by the bold assertions of projectors.—In this chapter occur the following particulars of the *Cock-lane ghost*, which we extract for the information of the present age, as we are well aware that several attempts have been made of late years again to take advantage of popular credulity, in regard to presumed supernatural agencies. To

deprive these practices of their force and mischief, is best effected by an exposure of the arts that have been detected on similar occasions.

" There is something so absurd and ridiculous in the terrors spread by *Miss Parsons*, that I think it hardly fair to class her operations with really serious offences against the laws of morality; but, recollecting that her *knockings indicated* a charge of poisoning, my scruples are removed, and I proceed to sketch the principal outlines of an incident that agitated the public mind till 1762, when all who had " three ideas in continuity" were convinced that the *spirit* possessed no *supernatural* powers.

" For two years previous to the above date, knockings and scratchings had frequently been heard during the night in the first floor of a person named Parsons, who held the office of Clerk to St. Sepulchre's church, and resided in Cock-lane, near West Smithfield. This man, *alarmed* at the circumstance, made several experiments to discover the cause, and at last had the amazing good fortune to trace the sounds to a bedstead, on which two of his children reposed after the fatigues of the day; the eldest of whom, *though a most surprizing girl of her age*, had numbered but twelve winters. Justly supposing the children might suffer some dreadful injury from the knocker, this affectionate parent removed them a story higher; but, horror upon horror, the tremendous noise followed the *innocents*, and even disturbed their rest for whole nights. But this was not all: a publican, resident in the neighbourhood, was frightened into serious illness by the form of a fleeting female ghost, which saluted his vision one fatal evening when in Parsons's house; nay, that worthy clerk saw it himself about an hour afterwards.

" Facts of this description cannot be concealed: reports of the noises and of the appearance of the phantom spread from the lane into a vast circle of space; numbers visited the unfortunate house, and others sat the night through with the tortured infant, appalled by sounds terrific; at length a Clergyman determined to adjure the Spirit, and thus obtain direct replies to the following questions: ' Whether any person in that house had been injured?' The answer, expressed by the *number* of knocks (as the ghost was denied the power of speech, and of shewing herself *within reach*), was in the affirmative. ' Was she a woman?'—' Yes;' the Spirit then explained, that she had ' been kept by Mr. ——, who poisoned her when ill of the Small-pox, and that her body was deposited in the vault of St. John's church, Clerkenwell.' During this examination, the girl exhibited a considerable deal of art, but betrayed herself decidedly in several instances. The result was, that the Spirit ardently desired the murderer might be punished for her alledged death. A wise-acre, who narrated the above particulars in a newspaper of the time, observes, with wonderful sagacity, ' What *is* remarkable *is*, that the Spirit *is* never heard *till the* ' *children are in bed.* This knocking was heard by the *supposed* ' *woman* when alive, who declared it foretold her death.' Another account of the affair asserts, ' that the person accused had married

two sisters, and that Fanny, the daughter of Parsons, had slept with the lady that *appeared* by *knocking* and *scratching* during her husband's absence at a wedding; but the knocking the deceased heard, was declared by the girl to be caused by the spirit of the previously deceased sister; if so, the girl's internal acts may have caused the death of the woman, as it is well known the agitation of a mind under the terrors of supposed supernatural visitation must have a fatal tendency in such a disorder as the small-pox.

" The gentleman intended to be accused in this affair, of perpetrating upon two wives the most atrocious of all crimes, was married about six months since, to a very agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 3000*l.* The unhappy situation in which they must both be, from so horrid an aspersion upon the former, may be more easily conceived than expressed.'

" This shameful affair terminated in the manner described in the ensuing words, extracted from one of the newspapers published in February 1762. 'February 1. On this night many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house for the examination of the noises supposed to be made by a departed Spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime. About ten at night, the gentlemen met in the chamber, in which the girl supposed to be disturbed by a Spirit had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies.' They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing went down stairs; when they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any *knowledge or belief* of fraud. The supposed Spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, *that it would attend* one of the gentlemen *into the vault,* under the Church of St. John's Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of *her presence there,* by a knock upon her coffin. It was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed Spirit.

" ' While they were enquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies, who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the Spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the Spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence, by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any other agency, *no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.*

" ' *The Spirit was then very seriously advertised,* that the person to whom the promise was made, of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the Church; and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with one more into the vault. *The Spirit was solemnly required* to perform its promise; *but nothing more than silence ensued.* The person supposed to be accused by the Spirit then went down with several others, *but no effect was perceived.* Upon their return, they examined the girl, but *could draw no confession from her.* Between

two and three she desired, and was permitted to go home with her father.

" ' It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises*, *and that there is no agency of any higher cause.*'

" Completely exasperated at the base methods adopted by his enemies to ruin his character, if not to affect his life, the injured party at length had recourse to the justice of his Country; and exactly one year after the exposure of this ridiculous as well as wicked imposture, the principals made him pecuniary satisfaction, to avoid worse consequences; but Parsons received sentence of imprisonment for two years, and to be pillored three times; his wife imprisonment one year, and their servant six months. Thus ended the serio-comedy of *Fanny the Phantom*, which afforded fine sport for the wits of the day; nay, Parsons shared in the joke, for the populace pitied his *unmerited* sufferings, and, instead of pelting, cherished him when on the pillory, and even gathered money for him." P. 102.

The chapters on 'Manners and Customs,' and that on 'Eccentricities,' are the most entertaining of the whole, though too much confined to the walks of low and middle life. Some of the anecdotes are very whimsical; and others possess great interest, from unfolding the varieties of the human character: many of them however ought to have been included in the chapter on Depravities. Here we are treated with a long detail of the directions for the ceremonial attending the entry of George the First into London, after his arrival in England, and the death of Queen Anne; from the conclusion of which we learn that, during the whole proceeding from St. Margaret's Hill, "the conduits at Stock's-market, and other parts of the city, ran with wine as usual." The following singular advertisement, for procuring custom to a public tea-garden, recurs under the date 1716.

" Sion Chapel at Hampstead, being a private and pleasant place, many persons of the best fashion have been lately married there. Now, as a minister is constantly obliged to attend, this is to give notice, that all persons, upon bringing a license, who shall have their wedding-dinner at the House in the Gardens, may be married in the said Chapel without any fee or reward; and from such as do not keep their wedding at the Gardens, only five shillings will be demanded of them for all fees."

Of the famous female bone-setter at Epsom, Mr. Malcolm has inserted the following particulars from the Weekly Miscellany of August 7, 1736.

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* In other words, a ventriloquist.

" ' This person, we are told, is daughter of one Wallin, a bone-setter of Hindon, Wilts, and sister of that Polly Peachem whom a gentleman of fortune married. Upon some family quarrel she left her father, and wandered up and down the country in a very miserable manner, calling herself *Crazy Sally;* and often, as it is presumed for grief, giving way to a practice that made her appear to have too good a title to the name. Arriving at last at Epsom, she has performed such wonderful cures, that we are told the people thereabout intend a subscription for 300*l.* a year to keep her among them.'

" Many of those cures are then described, which seem well attested, and are really surprising. ' In fine, the concourse of people to Epsom on this occasion is incredible; and it is supposed she gets near 20 guineas a day, as she executes what she does in a very quick manner. She has strength enough to put in any man's shoulder without assistance; and this her strength makes the following story, which may be depended upon, the more credible.

" ' An impostor came to her, sent, as it is supposed, by some surgeons, on purpose to try her skill, with his head bound up; and pretended that his wrist was put out; which, upon examination, she found to be false; but to be even with him, she gave it a wrench, and really put it out, and bade him go to the fools who sent him, and get it *sett again;* or if he would come to her that day month, she would do it herself.'

" This strange woman utterly ruined herself by giving way to that eccentricity, which too frequently in one way or other marks all our characters. The object of it was a Mr. Hill Mapp, on whom she fixed her affections, and to whom she was determined at all events to be married, though every effort was made by her friends to prevent the match. On the day appointed for the ceremony, Sir James Edwards, of Walton-upon-Thames, waited on her with the daughter of Mr. Glass, an attorney, a poor afflicted child whose neck was dislocated and supported by steel instruments. Miss Wallin saw the girl, and said she could restore the parts, but would do nothing till she became Mrs. Mapp. A gentleman present, finding her resolute, lent her his chariot to convey her to Ewell, where she expected to obtain a conveyance to London with her intended husband, though in that expectation she was disappointed. ' As she was going to Ewell, Mr. Walker, brazier, of Cheapside, met her, and returned with her to the inn. He was carrying down his daughter to her, a girl about 12 years of age, whose case was as follows: the vertebræ, instead of descending regularly from the neck, deviated to the right scapula, whence it returned towards the left side, till it came within a little of the hip-bone, thence returning to the locus, it descended regularly upon the whole, forming a serpentine figure. Miss Wallin set her strait, made the back perfect, and raised the girl two inches. While this was doing, Sir James Edwards's chariot with two gentlemen in it, came to beg her to come back to Epsom, suspecting she might not return again; but all their persuasions availed nothing, and the best terms they could make with her, was, that she should not go to London to be married, but have the chariot

and go to Headly, about three miles from Epsom. As the coachman was driving her by Epsom, she was told, that the minister of Headly was suspended for marrying Mr. C. whereupon the coachman said he would carry her no further, unless it was to Epsom. She then alighted, and went into a cottage on the side of the town; presently after which, information being given that she was there, Mrs. Shaw, and several other ladies of that place, went to her on foot to importune her to return; but, to avoid any further solicitation, she protested she would never come nigh the town, if they opposed her marriage any longer; and then walked on towards Banstead. Sir James Edwards, being informed how much she was affronted by his coachman, immediately ordered a pair of his horses to be put to a four-wheeled chaise, and sent them with another driver to offer their service to convey her where she pleased. Mr. Bridgwater in his chaise, and several other people on horseback, followed her also, and overtook her when she had walked about a mile over the Downs towards Banstead, where she had determined to be married. When she came there, the minister having no licences, she returned to her first resolution of going to London; but, the horses having travelled that morning from Walton, and being harrassed about without any refreshment, the coachman was afraid to venture so far as London with them, and desired to be excused; upon which Mr. Bridgwater, in regard to the child Sir James Edwards had brought, and other unhappy creatures who were in Epsom waiting for their cure, brought her in his chariot to London, saw her married, and conveyed her back again immediately after, being fully resolved to see her perform her promise.' Mrs. Mapp was buried at the expence of the parish of St. Giles in 1737!!" P. 244.

The chapter on 'Amusements' contains many curious particulars of the state and management of our theatres, and will be found very useful to consult by those who may engage in the compilation of a History of the Stage. The following sketch of the life of Handel will be read with interest.

"Handel's decease occurred on the 6th of April, 1759. As this eminent composer may justly be said to have formed a new æra of musick in England, and to have established the Opera, and the fame of his Oratorios perhaps for centuries to come; a sketch of his life from his arrival in this island cannot be altogether unacceptable, particularly as it must contain a general history of those amusements with which he became connected. Handel was born at Hall in Upper Saxony, February 24, 1684, but did not visit England till he had attained his 26th year, and when perfect master of his profession. The stranger, though only upon leave of absence from the Court of Hanover, where he received a pension of 1500 crowns *per annum*, and held the place of Master of the Elector's Chapel, was presented to Queen Anne, and favourably received; thus honoured, Handel soon enjoyed the patronage of her courtiers, and immediately commenced his

career by correcting the errors of the *Italian* Opera, if that could be so called which had been translated into the *English* language. As this celebrated composer found it, the most pathetic parts of the Italian musick frequently fell upon words expressive of anger, and *vice versa;* he therefore composed Rossi's Rinaldo, written after an outline by Aaron Hill, who favoured the publick with an English version of it.

" When Handel had remained here one year, the full term of his leave of absence, he returned to Hanover, but promised to re-visit the Queen at the first convenient opportunity: that occured in 1712, and he composed his *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* after the signing of the peace of Utrecht. Queen Anne, highly gratified with his exertions, granted him a pension of 200*l.* for life, and added her commands to the solicitations of the nobility, that he should assume the management of the Opera-house. This he complied with, and violated in consequence an engagement he was under to return to the Elector's Court. When that prince ascended the British throne, Handel, conscious of his offence, dared not venture into his presence; and his friends even thought stratagem preferable to intercession in restoring him to favour. To accomplish this, Baron Kilmanseck and several of the English nobility engaged the King in a party of pleasure upon the Thames: at that hour of relaxation the King was surprised with those grand movements yet known as Handel's Water-piece, which were composed expressly for the occasion, and performed under his direction in a boat attendant on the monarch. The scheme was successful beyond expectation; and from that hour the fortunate musician received both honours and rewards from George I. The Earl of Burlington and the Duke of Chandos were his warmest patrons and admirers: the latter indeed retained him at Canons as master of his splendid choral establishment for the offices of religion; and as Buononcini and Attilio were then composers for the Opera, he did not frequently interfere with their province.

" At length the period arrived destined to rouse the powers of Handel as a composer and a tyrant. Several persons of distinction had determined to found an Academy of Musick in the Haymarket, in order to insure a constant supply of Operas from the pen of the unrivalled Saxon, which they intended should be performed under his direction. The subscription for this purpose amounted to 50,000*l.*; and they procured the King's name for 1000, to grace the head of the list. Thus authorised and enabled Handel went to Dresden for performers of celebrity, and engaged Senesino and Duristanti, with whom he returned to England, when they acted his Opera of Radamisto to a most crowded audience, which honoured him with the loudest plaudits. From that day the powerful partizans of Buononcini, and those of Handel became irreconcileable enemies; though their enmity was so far controuled as to permit an agreement between them, that the rival masters should alternately compose the acts of Mutius Scævola, and thus afford a criterion by which their superiority was to be determined. Handel conquered; and, his reputation firmly established, he reigned sole monarch of the Academy for nine years. At the

close of that period Senesino accused Handel of oppression, and Handel treated Senesino as a rebel against his authority: the publick immediately divided on this important question; and to complete their vexation, Faustina and Cuzzoni quarrelled. Harmony ceased in every point of view, and the Academy was dissolved; but Handel maintained his post at the Haymarket, where he soon discovered that with Senesino he had dismissed the majority of his audiences. In this dilemma he entered into an agreement with the celebrated Heidegger to perform Operas on their own account: they accordingly engaged several new performers; but the nobility, exasperated at the Saxon's tyrannical conduct, entered into a subscription, with which they opened the Theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, countermatching his Italians with the incomparable Farinelli. The contest was continued three years in conjunction with Heidegger; and Handel persisted one year after his partner retired: he then left the Haymarket to his rivals.

" Chagrined and disappointed he endeavoured to establish himself at Lincoln's-inn-fields, and afterwards became a partner of Mr. Rich at Covent-garden Theatre, where he found, to his great mortification, that his musick, however sublime, was not a match for Farinelli's voice; yet he persisted till he had almost ruined his fortune, and actually deranged his faculties, besides causing a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his right arm; he was however recovered from the latter calamities by using the baths of Aix-la-chapelle about the year 1736.

" Fortunately for Handel the publick were pleased with the performance of his Alexander's Feast at Covent-garden Theatre soon after his return; and, to add to his good fortune, he was solicited to compose two Italian Operas for Lord Middlesex, who had been compelled to take the direction of this difficult concern upon himself, to preserve it from total ruin. His success on this occasion operated powerfully with the multitude, and a benefit produced him 1500*l.* in the year 1738. An opportunity thus offered to effect a complete reconciliation with his former employers; but that asperity of temper and impatience of controul which always marked his character induced him to reject every proposal connected with subscriptions. After several unsuccessful attempts to establish the Opera at Covent-garden Theatre, he turned his attention to the composition of Oratorios, which he intended should have been *acted* and sung; but the popular opinion, that such representations from Scripture would be a profanation of religion, deterred him from the design; and he caused them to be sung only as they are at present.

" Similar to most human inventions, the Oratorio was of little service to the *author:* posterity according to custom has had the honour of rewarding Handel's *memory;* and if an angel composed new ones, they would certainly not succeed, till he had fled from the earth half a century, and till Handel has had *his* day.

" The Irish nation received our great musician and his Oratorios with complacency; and as he gave the produce of the first

performance of his Messiah in Dublin to the City prison, he soon secured their patronage. After considerably improving his circumstances, he returned to England, where his Oratorios recovered from their previous depression, and received that approbation which a dread of having lost them probably excited. Handel gave the profit of an annual performance of the Messiah to the Foundling Hospital; and attended their Oratorios regularly long after he had lost his sight by a *gutta serena*, and till within eight days of his death." P. 371.

The anecdotes of dress, and of the caprices of fashion, are partially illustrated by thirteen coloured engravings; but the figures are so ill drawn and so very slightly executed, that we derive no pleasure from viewing such caricatures of the human form. Neither do we regard them as altogether accurate, nor yet sufficiently numerous, for the purpose of pourtraying the fashions of a century. Refinement produces variety, and caprice and the love of novelty still further increase the divisions; so that to trace the mutations of dress through any extended period, must inevitably become tedious. The present state of female attire is certainly the most graceful that has been adopted for the last hundred years; yet we fear it will not last: we are apprehensive of a lurking propensity again to introduce the use of stiff stays; which, of all the inventions to deform beauty, holds rank with the first;—we mean, to deform beauty *radically* by injuring the health.

In the chapter on Domestic Architecture, 'traced from its origin to its present improved state in London,' &c. Mr. Malcolm has hazarded several general assertions, which in our opinion are not fully warranted by facts. He says, that "The Saxons have left us strong and almost eternal proofs of their skill in masonry; but I believe there is little or nothing to be found, the work of their hands, besides ecclesiastical buildings and castles." We should be much indebted to any writer who would prove, from *historical documents*, that we have any buildings, whether ecclesiastical or military, that are indubitably of Saxon architecture; we mean, that were actually erected by Saxon builders and in the Saxon times. Oral testimony is not sufficient for the purpose: it is not enough to say, that such or such an edifice "was founded by King Ethelbert, or King Offa, or King Alfred, and therefore the more ancient parts must be Saxon; for do not you see how very different the ornaments are?" No, this argument is not decisive; for independent of the several characters and style of the

building, we want, first, historical evidence as to the time of its foundation; and, secondly, proof that the structure has not been rebuilt at a later period. The three edifices that are generally quoted as real specimens of Saxon buildings, are, St. Alban's Abbey Church, the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, and Grimbold's crypt at Oxford; these *we consider* altogether Norman, and the records which prove the fact are we believe still in existence.

Mr. Malcolm imagines that our ancestors were obliged to put up with "*wooden buildings*" for their domestic habitations, because the great built their houses all of stone, and by that means the art of brick-making lay *perdu:* "parsimony in the great," are his words, "revived the art of brick-making." The real cause, in our opinion, of the preference so long given by the middling and lower classes to houses of wood and plaster, was the great plenty of timber and its comparative cheapness in former times. When wood became dearer, which it necessarily did in proportion to the increase of population, brick was resorted to as the material next in cheapness, and, we opine, must from that very circumstance have come into general use, even if the great fire of London had not happened; after which the construction of wooden houses was restrained by act of Parliament: *before* that event, however, we had many buildings of brick in different parts of the kingdom. This chapter is illustrated with twenty slight engravings of buildings in and near London, principally of modern erection.

The chapters on 'Ecclesiastical Architecture,' and 'Sculpture and Painting,' are much too brief, considering this as an independent work. The former, short as it is, has fourteen illustrative plates: the outlines of altar-pieces, &c., in different churches, are the best.

The volume is concluded by a 'Sketch of the present State of Society in London,' and a double Index. Against the Sketch we must enter our most decided protest: though grounded on facts, it is a gross exaggeration. The manners of our populace, and of the lower orders of our journeymen tradesmen, are not so degraded and brutalised as this caricature represents them to be. Undoubtedly, among the vast multitudes that inhabit London, many thousands will be found both vicious and riotous; yet let it be recollected, that the general safety of this immense metropolis is nightly secured by a few hundreds of old and mostly infirm men;

that a strong taste for reading has been excited, and become in some degree general among the lower ranks; and that vice and bad habits uniformly decrease with the extinction of ignorance. The deductions from these facts must be obvious; and we shall now quit the consideration of the subject, by remarking, that we can never applaud these degrading exhibitions of human nature, even though altogether founded on unimpeachable truths. The portraits of the middling and superior classes of the community are much better drawn; yet all that soberness of colouring and harmony which are best adapted to sketches of this kind is wanting: with the upper ranks of society, we suspect that Mr. Malcolm is hardly any otherwise acquainted than from report.

It is very difficult to characterise any work in a just and, at the same time, summary manner, the contents of which include such a great variety of subjects as the one before us. Our opinion of particular parts may be gathered from the preceding pages; but as a whole we have yet to consider it. To the future topographers of this renowned city, it presents a valuable mass of information, which was previously scattered through pages possessed but by few, and inaccessible to most: it forms, indeed, a direct and necessary appendage to the 'Londinium Redivivum' by the same author; and if it does not possess all the advantages of a tasteful selection, it has the merit of displaying much industry. We think, however, that Mr. Malcolm should in *every instance* have referred us to his authorities, for compilation is best relished, and most useful, when we are acquainted with the volumes and the pages from which its materials are collected. Why are D' Israëli's 'Curiosities of Literature' so little regarded by literary men, but from the total want of all reference to the sources of the information he records? There are several points, also, in which we must regard this as an imperfect work. The progress of the fine arts, and of literature, during the last century, are most interesting subjects; yet these Mr. Malcolm has not at all noticed, with the exception of some very slight remarks. Perhaps the vastness of the field intimidated inquiry; yet how much and how greatly the character of society has altered with the last hundred years, by the very general diffusion of literature and the arts, must be obvious to the most superficial observers: they ought not to have been so unworthily neglected. We trust that a second impression

of this work will be called for, and that we shall then see it improved by that careful revision, and by those additions, which we have proved to be necessary.

Barrow's *Account of the Public Life of Lord Macartney.*

[Continued from Vol. 31, p. 350.]

WE cannot pass over the numerous instances of insatiable and audacious rapacity only hinted at by Mr. Barrow in these volumes, without at least endeavouring to give additional publicity to some of the facts which he states. One of the greatest temptations to villainy in India is, the delusive belief that its distance from Europe, and the culpable ignorance of Europeans in general respecting the internal state of that country, must necessarily insure criminals impunity and protection from public exposition. Sooner or later, however, all such offences are known; and we have heard of more than one instance where the "iniquities of the fathers were visited on the children," while others have terminated their guilty career by self-murder. The following observations will convey to the reader some idea of the *moral honesty* which prevailed in Bengal about twenty years ago; and we fear it is yet very little improved.

"The reports of Lord Macartney's economy, integrity, and disinterestedness, were ill received and ill relished in Bengal, where qualities of such a nature were not of the most thriving kind. At Madras, a contract had been given to Mr. Paul Benfield for supplying the army with carriage bullocks. The terms of this contract Lord Macartney reduced by nearly one fourth part, and annexed conditions which made this gentleman think fit to give it up; but to please the commander in chief, and engage the services of a person who was represented as very capable of rendering them, he was appointed agent for supplying the troops. Whether the emoluments in this office were below his consideration, or whether he expected that a disappointment in the agency would lead to a renewal of the contract, he is said to have suffered many of the cattle, committed to his care, to perish for want of food. He demanded for the immediate expenditure of his employ double the amount of the money which he knew to be in the treasury, and otherwise conducted himself in such a manner as to compel Lord Macartney to dismiss him, which gave great offence to his friends in the supreme council. In fact, the detection and reformation of abuses, which was strongly recommended by the court of directors to the early attention of Lord Macartney, could not fail of exciting a jealousy in that place where a profuse expenditure of the Com-

pany's funds had involved the government in an enormous and accumulating debt; where agencies, embassies, and contracts, had drained the public coffers to fill the pockets of individuals *, and where there was a total want of economy, both in the civil and military department. At Bengal therefore no character could be more obnoxious than one of an established reputation for inflexible integrity, armed with the power of correcting abuses." P. 226.

The same Benfield was afterwards appointed a commissioner for the arrangement of the finances of the nabob of the Carnatic, and Sullivan was also allowed to hold another lucrative office in the same country. It is much to be wished that Mr. L. D. Campbell, or some other honest and impartial man of talents, well acquainted with the affairs of India, would favour the world with a sketch of the *natural history* of such adventurers, as some work of the kind seems necessary, not only to the salvation of our Indian dominions, but also to the purity of British legislation. Did the electors of the United Kingdom better know the real character of many of those who now call upon them for their suffrages, we might then hope for a radical reform where indeed all true reform should commence; namely, in the people's exercise of judgement in the choice of their representatives. We cannot believe the public feeling of justice to be so low, that such information would not produce most important effects; and if so, the Commons would necessarily cease to be a theatre of corruption, the unavoidable invasions of civil liberty occasioned by French revolutionary despotism be obviated, and the British constitution transmitted unimpaired to future ages. It is a sacred duty to our king, our country, and to civil society, to exert ourselves to the utmost to prevent all men of *suspicious integrity* from sharing in any civil honours, or becoming legislators of a brave and yet virtuous people. But without a thorough knowledge of the means by which wealth has been acquired in the East and in the West too, it is impossible that this duty can be faithfully discharged; and unless it is duly fulfilled, we must continue our progress in corruption, and expect the fate of other corrupt

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" * Several instances are on record, where agencies on provisions and grain for the use of government were granted to servants of government; where embassadors were appointed with large salaries, who never proceeded on their embassies; but as there is no intention to particularise abuses, the fact only is mentioned to show the different systems pursued by the two governments.

immoral nations. When we revert to Holland, Prussia, and other states on the continent, which owe their fall and present misery more to the want of moral honesty than to Buonaparte's sword, we can find nothing in them indicative of greater depravity, than that of technically designating *bribes*, the *hire of dishonesty*, nay even of *perjury*, "as only a little *betel* among friends!!" This is the *slang* phrase, familiar (will it be believed?) among British subjects in India. We confess we should willingly have doubted it, had not the very words of a governor himself established the fact beyond the possibility of doubt.

"It was once thought" (says Lord Macartney very coolly, in a confidential letter to Mr. Macpherson, in July, 1782) "that no knight of the Bath could resist the dazzle of one of these gewgaws [diamond stars, given as *bribes* by the native petty princes]; yet out of half a dozen brethren there is one, at least, who has not been blinded by them. That lure, among others, was thrown out, when still stronger was rejected, and was called *only betel among friends;* but it was a kind of *betel* I was determined neither to chew nor swallow, and I wish some of our friends had been of the same way of thinking."

Abandoned or unthinking men may scoff at these things, but we are persuaded that there is not one honest intelligent person in the United Kingdom who is not convinced that moral honesty is indispensable both to the governors and governed in every state, and that without this essential ingredient the best of governments must soon fall a prey, either to an external enemy, or to some ambitious demagogue. The awful events which have passed, and are now passing before our eyes, should teach us the necessity of having only men of probity and talents in every department of the state.

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immoral nations. When we revert to Holland, Prussia, and other states on the continent, which owe their fall and present misery more to the want of moral honesty than to Buonaparte's sword, we can find nothing in them indicative of greater depravity, than that of technically designating *bribes*, the *hire of dishonesty*, nay even of *perjury*, "as only a little *betel* among friends!!" This is the *slang* phrase, familiar (will it be believed?) among British subjects in India. We confess we should willingly have doubted it, had not the very words of a governor himself established the fact beyond the possibility of doubt.

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of mankind. I am free to confess I have a stronger passion than the love of wealth—to reinstate India in its former glory would give me more pride and satisfaction than I should be able to derive from ten times the fortune of Mr. Hastings. It is, in fact, a bad calculation in the accounts of the world to sacrifice reputation for any increase of fortune. Such,' continues he, 'is the opinion of one on this subject who has had it twenty times in his power to make a large fortune; and yet never has had it in his thoughts.' For the usual modes that are practised in India to obtain wealth, he entertained the most sovereign contempt. 'Notwithstanding the indignation I feel, I am really,' says he, 'sometimes diverted with some of these woodcocks, who thrust their bills into the ground, shut their eyes, and then think nobody sees them.' " P. 371.

After such remarks as the preceding, it is not extraordinary that the whole of the peculators were his most determined enemies; neither is it surprising that he found only few friends among those persons in this country who do not blush to profit by the sale of India appointments, which should be the rewards of merit. It is right that the public should be acquainted with the origin and nature of some of their charges against his lordship.

" It is but too common a practice abroad to condemn what are called king's stores upon very slight grounds; the disposal of them, and particularly the purchase of others to supply their place, putting money into the pockets of the persons concerned in such transactions. A quantity of beef of this description was condemned to be sold at Madras, at a time too when they were threatened with a famine. Lord Macartney attended the sale in person, bought a considerable quantity of it, had it served on his own table, invited the parties who were principally concerned in the business, and made them acknowledge the beef to be excellent. This was considered as *inspecting matters too narrowly*, and *unsuitable to the dignity of a governor of Madras*. The public however would not be the sufferers if we had a few more such governors as Lord Macartney; and although their conduct, like his, would be sure of exciting the enmity of all those whose private views were disappointed or counteracted by such minute attention to the public interests, yet they would be sure to merit and obtain the applause of all those whose applause is worth having." P. 377.

The character and conduct of Lord Macartney indeed are most exemplary. " He appears," says Mr. Barrow, " to have observed in every situation of life the most steady and loyal attachment to his sovereign. Whether in place or out of place, whether favoured with the smiles of the court, or apparently neglected, his sentiments in this respect were invariably the same. On all occasions

he boldly stood forward in support of the king's prerogative." He would not place "a fruitless crown" and "barren sceptre" in the gripe of the sovereign of Great Britain. How different is this conduct from that of those statesmen who lately thought to make him violate his conscience, and because they failed with "shameless perfidy, proclaimed the matter!" Yet his lordship was neither a weak nor a venal courtier; on the contrary, so striking were his talents and integrity, that no monarch, much less a minister, would have ventured to make any base proposal to him.

"Throughout a long and active life, and with a very extensive and intimate acquaintance among the leading characters of various administrations and oppositions, he had the resolution to keep himself totally unconnected with party in politics, the spirit of which, however gentle and good tempered the individuals who compose it might be, is always productive of violence and ill-humour, which were so contrary to his disposition. This party spirit he considered as tending only to impede the public service, by embarrassing government, to create dissensions among intimate friends, and to unite the bitterest enemies and the most jarring dispositions. But a respectable opposition in parliament he conceived to be among the most efficient and salutary checks on any abuse of power in those who are entrusted with the administration of the government.

"As a minister at a foreign court his qualifications were of the first rank. By his extensive knowledge of men and things, by address and management, he could make himself master of intrigues and projects while yet hatching, and exhibit them to his court in all their various bearings. It was the opinion of many of his friends, that the minister could not have employed the talents of Lord Macartney to a better purpose in the service of his country, than as a negociator at the different courts of Europe, few men being perhaps so well qualified in every respect for such situations as he was." P. 381.

"A staunch admirer of the British constitution, he was an enemy to despotism under whatever shape it might be exercised. Nothing could more strongly convey his sentiments on this subject than his remarks on the situation of the Wirtemberg troops in the service of the Dutch at Batavia. 'His most serene Highness of Wirtemberg,' remarked Lord Macartney, 'is a perfect crimp* to the Dutch East India Company, to whom he *hires* out, at a stipulated rate, the youth, health, and strength of his children and his subjects, who are torn from their dearest and tenderest connections, and banished without redemption from their native soil. Instead of being employed at home like men, and as soldiers only should be, to defend their country, to redress its

* This prince just now performs the same honourable office to Buonaparte as he formerly did to the Dutch.—*Rev.*

wrongs, and vindicate its honor, they are vended without compunction by their natural protector to a set of foreign merchants, who export them to be broiled alive on the sands of Columbo or to rot by inches in the hospitals of Java.' "

" 'The regret of leaving Europe, the *necessary* duty of their profession, and the enmity of the elements, all conspire here to wear out the soldier and to hasten his dissolution. Ambition is dead, relief is hopeless. He is undermined by decay, he drops gradually into the grave, and 'dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,' whilst the survivors are told, with a mockery superadded to their misery, that he died nobly at his post in the exercise of an heroic vocation, not in the still shade of civil life, but in the career of glory on the field of honour. It is truly wonderful to what a pitch of senseless vanity the military bubble has blown up the human mind, and, at the same time, debased it to the most brutish subjection. That one man should presume in the pride of his heart to arrogate the right of saying to his fellow creature—

'"Tis mine to order and 'tis thine to die!'—

is equally repugnant to common sense and to common humanity; and yet it is a right, that, however disguised, is usurped and assumed by all the sovereignties of Europe, whether monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical, for it makes no difference under what title or denomination despotic power is exercised. If the youth, to whom the mandate, *de part le roy* or *de part le peuple* is addressed, be not rich enough to bribe the sovereign for an exemption, he has no remedy, but must enlist with the recruiting officer. And this practice has been long looked on, not only with indifference, but has been quietly acquiesced in as an indisputable prerogative. Even in England it is justified by the authority of some of our most * celebrated writers; for their premises, when fairly examined, warrant this conclusion, that children, relations, and subjects, every connexion natural, moral, and political, may be sacrificed by power on the altar of avarice, to enable a little Suabian despot to give a masquerade at Stutgard, or to pass the Carnival at Venice. If protection and obedience be reciprocal, as those very writers tell us, surely reluctance to slavery and opposition to oppression are equally rational and just; and were an insurrection to happen at the next registry of his Serene Highness's able-bodied subjects, or his next levy for equinoxial service, it is probable he would find but few advocates to plead his cause, or protect his person. On such an occasion resistance would be a virtue, and rebellion to such tyranny prove loyalty to mankind. It is impossible to think of this scandalous conduct of the little German princes, without a mixture of horror and contempt. Such avarice and apathy must find an enemy in every breast of feeling and generosity. To renounce, as these men do, all parental care of the people, committed by Providence to their charge, want only to tear in pieces the ties by which they were bound to them, and to deliver them over without mercy to

" * Foster, Blackstone, &c. &c.

the tormenters, is such a strain of ingratitude and depravity as cannot long continue unresisted or remain unpunished. The miserable negro on the coast of Guinea, who exchanges his child for a striped handkerchief or a bottle of brandy, is not a greater barbarian." P. 386.

The following is the sketch given by Mr. Barrow of his lordship's literary character; but we are obliged by their length to omit the Latin inscription and verses written and "placed over the gateway of the castle of Lissanoure, on his paternal estate," in 1800. The Latin lines contain a brief sketch of his lordship's diversified life.

"Few men were more conversant in polite literature than Lord Macartney, and his acquaintance was sought by the first literary characters of his time. With Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, David Hume, and all those who used to meet at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, he was particularly intimate. He was one of the original members of Doctor Johnson's Literary Club, which he continued to frequent with great pleasure in the latter years of his life, whenever his health would permit him, and he was a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies of London. He was fond of social conversation, but reading was to him a never failing source of delight: a book was not merely a luxury; it was an article of the first necessity. It was rare to find him, when alone, without a book or a pen in his hand. He was considered, when a young man, as a sound classical scholar, and to possess a critical knowledge of the ancient poets and historians. It appears from the correspondence of several eminent characters, that he was himself no mean poet, and that he took great delight in courting the acquaintance of the Muses. In his letters to the late Mr. Charles Fox, when a student at Oxford, he strongly recommends history as the best polisher of the manners, and the best introduction to the knowledge of the human heart. 'Livy,' says he, 'is written 'in a style that must charm every one. He is master of our 'passions, and catches the soul by surprise. Look at that ad-'mirable passage where Coriolanus going to embrace his mother, 'she stops him with, *sine priusquam amplexum accipio, sciam ad 'hostem an ad filium venerim.*' Tacitus he thought less graceful in his style than Sallust, but more pungent, and he calls him the true anatomist of the human heart. The unadorned easy style of Xenophon he preferred to that of Cæsar: but of Homer and Virgil he always speaks in raptures; the latter indeed he could almost repeat by heart. From a letter of the late Charles Fox to him, dated Oxford, 13th February 1765, it would appear that in the early part of his life he had no taste for mathematics, and that he valued them lightly. His opinion however must have greatly changed in this respect, on entering upon business, for no man could be more convinced than he was of the trancendent utility of what are usually called mixed mathematics as applicable to so many of the common and important concerns of life; and he was

sufficiently acquainted with most of the modern sciences to make a conversation on their subject interesting both to himself and to others. His memory was of the most retentive kind, and had stored up an abundant supply of anecdotes relating to persons and events, to times present and past; and the pleasing manner and genuine good humor, in which he could relate a story, seldom failed of communicating to it an additional interest. By some peculiar arrangement, or classification of objects in his mind, he contrived to recollect the date of an event as correctly as the more important circumstances connected with it. It was observed of him at Turin, that he was much better acquainted with the history and connexions of the Italian and French families he met with there than they were themselves; indeed so wonderful was his recollection on points of genealogy, that there was scarcely a person of any note mentioned by sacred or profane writers, whose history and connexions were not perfectly fresh in his memory. When he passed the Hague on his way to Petersburgh, Sir Joseph Yorke, then minister at that place from the court of London, invited all his brother ministers to meet Sir George Macartney at dinner. The conversation, as might be expected, turned on the affairs of Europe, and although some of the company were pretty well hackneyed in the diplomatic service, and Sir George but just entering upon his career of public life, yet it was observed that he was much better informed with regard to the respective courts of Europe, than any of the ministers were themselves who represented them.

" He had a peculiar facility in extracting information from those he conversed with, even where there might be an unwillingness to communicate it; but whatever knowledge he obtained in this way, he used to consider as problematical until corroborated or contradicted by other sources; thus the information he procured on subjects connected with his official situations was generally considered in the department of state to which it was transmitted as superseding all former information on the same points." P. 390.

" The Cape of Good Hope was a situation in which a governor had it in his power to do a great deal of good or a great deal of mischief; but it afforded only a very limited field for the display of brilliant talents. But the place, in which the great powers of Lord Macartney's mind were called forth in all their energy, was India; and in the proceedings of his government there the statesman may find the finest lessons of wisdom and virtue. The minutes on various subjects, which he found it necessary to lay before the select committee, are masterly performances; and the whole correspondence with the hostile and counteracting government of Bengal is characterised by a clearness, closeness, and cogency of argument, and by a firmness and moderation which distinguish it, in a very striking manner, from the loose, the puerile and fanciful reasoning, and the haughty, harsh, and acrimonious language of the letters from Bengal. Both are now consigned to the archives of the East-India Company, and both are doomed, in all probability, to undergo, with many

other documents of great importance, the common fate of neglect and oblivion.

"If that part of them, employed in the foregoing pages, to exhibit an illustrious example of great talents, directed solely for the public welfare, of integrity superior to the temptation of wealth and power, of unwearied zeal in every cause for his country's honour and disinterestedness in every public transaction, may have the good effect of carrying conviction to the mind of any future governor of the presidencies in India, that a steady perseverance in honourable and upright conduct will secure him the esteem and regard of all whose esteem and regard is valuable, and afford him that peace of mind and heartfelt satisfaction which no wealth nor power, however great, can bestow, the present Sketch of the public Life of Lord Macartney will not have been written in vain." P. 411.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Barrow's work may have the desirable and necessary effect which he wishes; but it is in vain to expect that governors alone will ever be able to stem the torrent of corruption, while all the subaltern agents continue to enjoy the utmost impunity, and when even directors *dare* not bring them to justice. We have seen that the stern integrity of Lord Macartney only served to increase the embarrassments of his government, and that it was not supported as it ought to have been in this country: how then can it be expected that any general reform can take place without a total change of system, and the introduction of other men and other measures than what have prevailed in India during the greater part of the last century?

The Appendix to the first volume of this work is very copious, and consists chiefly of a variety of extracts from official papers relative to Lord Macartney's government of Madras, and his correspondence with Governor Hastings at Calcutta. There are four letters from Sir George Macartney, dated at St. Petersbourg in 1767, which place the talents and principles of the writer, when a young man, in a very favourable point of view. Another letter from Grenada details, with great perspicuity and strength—the two leading features in all his lordship's communications—the capture of that island by the French in 1779. Twelve different articles are devoted to the illustration of the facts stated in the narrative, by the publication of the official documents. Many of these are highly curious and deserving, even at the present day, of the most attentive perusal by all persons interested in the affairs of India, and particularly by India stock-proprietors. The plan of the arrangement of the affairs of the Nabob of the Carnatic, by

which "Madras, instead of being a *shop of pitiful usury*, would have become a city of honourable commerce, of opulence instead of misery, of real resource, not of temporary expedient," is now no further interesting than as a damning proof of the gross mismanagement of our India affairs, and of the disgraceful incapacity of the directors. The ignorance and short-sightedness manifested on this occasion, where no evil design could be supposed to exist, are truly astonishing. As the intrigue which led to the appointment of one of the Sullivans to be minister at the court of the Nabob of Arcot, by Governor Hastings, drew forth one of Lord Macartney's most pointed and just condemnations of peculators and usurers, we shall extract it. We first give the Nabob Walla Jah's statement of the grievance, then Governor Hasting's reply, and lastly Lord Macartney's observations on both.

NABOB.

"In the garrisons of my forts, commandants and paymasters are sent, who, at the advice of their Dobhashes with a view to profit, lend money to the Ryots at an exorbitant interest, and afterwards are pressing for the money, and interfere in the government, and assist one another, by which great injury is done to my subjects and to myself. Let it be positively ordered that without my permission no one lend money to my subjects, and that for what is past as well as future, the interest on all loans be 12 *per cent. per annum*; and that if any person should act contrary to this, and should distress the Ryots, I shall complain against him and request his removal, and the Governor and Council of Madras will remove him from his office, and appoint another person in his room." P. 447.

HASTINGS.

"We are greatly afflicted that any occasion should have been afforded for such complaints as are stated in this article. They are no less repugnant to justice, than injurious to the English reputation. We are willing to engage on the part of the English Company, and of all their dependants, that no one under their authority shall be permitted to lend money to any of the Nabob's subjects for the time to come. That it shall be prohibited in public orders; and it is equitable that if any person shall act contrary to this prohibition, or shall oppress the Ryots, the Nabob shall have a right to require his removal, and the Governor and Council of Madras shall be bound on such requisition to remove him, and to bring him to a public trial, that he may suffer such sentence as shall be due to the degree of the offence, if it be established against him. But as we conceive that it will be often difficult in cases of this nature to obtain such evidence of the facts, as the strict forms of our military laws shall require; and must in every case render the Nabob popularly obnoxious by standing forth, as he necessarily must, in the character of a prosecutor, against the servants of the Company, to

whom he ought never to be known but by acts of benevolence; and as the appointment to military commands in his country is intended for his sole benefit, and the support of his government and interests, we proceed yet further to declare, that the Nabob has just claim to object to the appointment of any person of whom he shall disapprove to any command in his country, or to the continuance of any person in any such command, against whom he shall have cause of sufficient validity for his own conviction to object, and that in every such case the Governor and Council ought to conform to his objections. But the invariable application of this rule can only be admitted in a time of peace. In a state of actual war it might be productive of dangerous consequences, and the principle on which it is constructed must be therefore in such a season left to the equity of the Governor and Council, and the discretion of the Commander in Chief of the forces." P. 451.

MACARTNEY.

"The complaints stated in the seventh article, which we understand are in many instances well founded, are a disgrace to the government which has suffered them to continue. It will require a strict and steady hand to prevent a conduct of which the habit and frequency seem to have deadened the sense of its impropriety among many of the military, as well as civil, servants of the Company. The crime of disobedience superadded in this instance to the baseness of usury, ought to be publicly and positively reprobated; wherever by legal evidence it could be brought home to the officer or paymaster, the punishment, no doubt, should be exemplary: he should not have the subterfuge of ascribing his disgrace to the caprice, displeasure, or political views of the Nabob. His highness might render himself perhaps as much obnoxious by procuring the removal of men from profitable situations on reasons for objecting to them confined to his own conviction, as by the allowance of proofs, to satisfy the world that they were really not worthy of being continued in such trusts. He would never have occasion to step forward as actual prosecutor: that office would fall to the charge of some of his principal ministers or servants, as it falls in England to the attorney-general; nor does it appear essential to be more tender in committing the character of the Nabob than that of our own sovereign. We find that the acts of benevolence, by which only you think his highness should be known to the servants of the Company, if exerted in gratuities, *whether pecuniary or otherwise*, are utterly disapproved by the directors of the Company; the consequence of such benevolence having been thought pernicious to the service, and the strictest covenants exacted from the servants of every denomination to prevent its continuance. Declarations such as these, which bear a meaning subversive of the orders and opinions of the Company, corroborated by our other observations on your replies, contribute to persuade us, that proper and becoming as they may have been thought, and necessary even as they may have been found, in the light of preparatory discourses, to soften, and gradually lead the Nabob's mind to a further acquiescence with the real and just intentions of your government, it

would not be fair to consider them as forming part of the strict and serious covenants of a treaty, or as doctrines to become operative upon our conduct. We can in this view easily account for your assurance to the Nabob, that the appointment to military command in the Carnatic is intended for his sole benefit; such assertions may be supposed to have their use, and can be inconvenient only when construed literally, and made a ground for consequences or claims which the public interest will not allow.

"Thus it appears to us, that it might be of dangerous tendency, and what guides us much more than our own opinion, it is absolutely contrary to the views and instructions of the Court of Directors, to suffer the Nabob to possess any degree of influence over our army. The obligation, however, which you conclude from the above declaration ought to be imposed upon the Presidency of Madras, to conform to the desire of the Nabob in the removal of officers from their commands, would necessarily give such influence to his highness. It is the intention of the Company that the disposal of their officers and troops should remain in time of peace as well as war, with the President and Council, to whom, among other matters, they have delegated that high trust. It is their duty to remove all officers on reasonable grounds, and to be attentive to the objections, and even to the wishes of the Nabob in this and in every other respect. But the ultimate decision and determination must be in the Company itself, through the medium of its servants residing on the spot." P. 465.

Two of the articles in this Appendix contain the particulars of his lordship's duels with Mr. Sadlier (a member of the Council at Fort St. George) and Major-General James Stuart. In both cases, we think his lordship acted upon an erroneous principle of exposing himself to the vengeance of men (particularly the latter, for nothing is said of the former) whose conduct was so very reprehensible, not to say criminal. Lord Macartney ought not to have placed himself on an equality with such a man as Stuart; and in doing so, we think he evinced more irritableness than judgment. The resolution of "never shrinking from responsibility," is no doubt necessary to every man of rectitude; but his lordship's practical application of it, at least in the latter case, was very absurd. The sword was General Stuart's profession, civil polity that of Lord Macartney; there was consequently no parity in their mutual risk; and his lordship's acceptance of a challenge, under such circumstances, evinced more romantic bravery than cool valour. The consideration of the second volume we must defer till our next.

(To be continued.)

The Duties of the Episcopal Office; a Sermon, preached in Bishop Skinner's Chapel, Aberdeen, on Sunday the 30th October, 1808, at the Consecration of the Right Rev. George Gleig, LL. D. F. R. S. E. to the Office of a Bishop in the Scotch Episcopal Church. By the Rev. Heneage Horsley, A. M. late Student of Christ's Church, Oxon; Prebendary of St. Asaph; and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Duncan. 8vo. 2s. Hatchard. 1808.

EVER since we became acquainted with the true situation and principles of the episcopal church of Scotland, we have taken every opportunity that presented itself of expressing our cordial satisfaction in every thing that tends to promote her interest and respectability. The occasion upon which this sermon was preached, we consider, in a particular manner, as one of those events in her history which cannot fail to raise her high in the estimation of all those, who wish to see eminent talents and eminent attainments connected with the greatest and most sacred office in the Christian church.

The sermon itself is worthy of the son of the late bishop of St. Asaph; and contains those very sentiments relative to the nature of the Christian church, which were entertained by that very learned and active prelate. The subject of it is that well-known passage in the first epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, which begins with the words—"A bishop must be blameless," &c.

After having elucidated with much ability the more obvious and important purposes which are served by the institution and perpetuation of the Christian ministry, Mr. Horsley proceeds to set forth the sacredness and high responsibility of the office of a bishop. Speaking of the times in which our lot is cast, he says—

"We live, my fathers and brethren, in an age when infidelity and heresy have raised their heads in every form, and advance upon us from every quarter; when Socinianism, deism, and even atheism itself, meet us when we would least expect them—in the histories of states and empires, in systems of physical science, in books professedly of mere amusement, in those miscellanies which issue periodically from the British press, professing to teach the principles of science and criticism; and even in small tracts disseminated gratis among the very lowest of the people. The variety and extent of learning, the vigilance and firmness of mind necessary to counteract all this mischief, are qualifications that fall to the lot of but a very few men, comparatively speaking, in any church under heaven; and yet he who does not possess them, neither is

nor can be ready to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and his flock may be tainted with heresy and profaneness, before he is aware that they are in the smallest danger. A thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, and of the earliest writings of the Christian church, is undoubtedly that kind of learning most necessary to every Christian clergyman. But learning alone, however extensive, will not, in an age like the present, when every thing is controverted, be sufficient to enable a bishop to discharge this part of his difficult and laborious duty, unless he possesses that discriminating judgement which, so far as it is not the gift of nature, results from an accurate and comprehensive view of Christianity, and distinguishes, almost intuitively, between questions that are frivolous and those that are important."

Apologising for the freedom with which he had urged upon his clerical hearers the momentous duties of their profession, Mr. Horsley subjoins; —

"But I am speaking the sentiments of a late prelate, whose learning, science, experience, and zeal for truth, I believe all who knew him will admit, that even filial affection and reverence cannot prompt me to praise too highly. — If the spirits in bliss know what is doing upon this earth, I am sure it will be satisfactory to his spirit to know, that his son has an opportunity of speaking his sentiments on the occasion of one of his Scottish friends raising another to that station which he long thought that other pre-eminently qualified to fill."

We have only to add, that had the bishop *in the body* heard his sentiments thus expressed, he would not have been displeased with the dress in which his son has clothed them.

The Plants, a Poem, Cantos the first and second, with Notes; and occasional Poems. By William Tighe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 168. 8s. Carpenter. 1808.

"*L'HOMME d'esprit,*" observed Beaumelle, "*teint d'une infinité des connoissances, nourri de la lecture des bons écrivains, admirateur éclairé de la savante antiquité, enrichit son siècle des trésors des siècles passés, joint l'étude au naturel; et de cette alliance naissent des chef-d'œuvres.*"—Such is Mr. Tighe, whose poem will contribute to smooth contempt into complacence for the modern publications of what is termed poetry. To classical taste, extensive botanical knowledge, and good moral principles, he adds much general reading and correct observation on men and things. The

author designs his work to contain four cantos, celebrating the rose, oak, vine, and palm, only two of which appear in the volume before us.—"The object of this attempt," he states, "is not only to bring together the most remarkable circumstances relative to each plant, from which the separate cantos derive their names, and to combine many of the ideas of association, which the review of each subject may naturally awaken, but also to consider the *Rose* as the emblem of *Love*, the *Oak* of *Liberty*, the *Vine* of *Friendship*, and the *Palm* of *Religion*."—We hope the author will not forget the *Olive* as the symbol of *Peace* in this warlike age.—"The four affections here alluded to," continues Mr. Tighe, "seem, either singly or variously interwoven, to occupy and conduct the minds of the more susceptible and generous portion of mankind. The influence of the three former usually prevails in the early part of life; and they were, perhaps, designed by Providence to expand and prepare those souls, which do not suffer themselves to be too far perverted by the more selfish passions, for the reception of the last; into which all the views and thoughts of men should resolve, as into their ultimate object and true destination."—Under this impression he has here celebrated the *Rose* and the *Oak*. His *Love* however is "chaste as the roseate blush of virgin innocence," and his *Liberty* the "empress of the main who smiles o'er Britain's isles." The first canto opens with an invocation to love, the rose, and the nightingale. This is followed by the religious, civil, and natural history of the rose in various countries, diversified with numerous allusions to historical events, and moral reflexions, including also a description of the various insects which either feed or breed on rose-trees. The opening address to the nightingale is conceived with equal modesty and neatness: the poet declines "the vain attempt to seize a wreath unsought before," while he gracefully pourtrays the history of "this sweet bird of eve, companion of the rose," from the creation to the days of Rome. The description of all the varieties of the rose evince the author's botanical knowledge; and we know not that he has omitted the local situation of any, except the damask, and one or two other varieties which abound at Granada in Spain. Their growth there, indeed, perhaps exceeds that in any other part of Europe; and the delicacy of their odour and colour is not less striking. The following verses prove the rose to be an "associate of the human race."

" Where'er the human race, in social bands,
Can till the plain, or tend the swelling fruit,
Her plant, the Goddess, whom the seas obey
And teeming shores, hath scattered wide: where'er
The climate cursed forbids the labouring hind
To cull the profits of his healthy toil,
No roses bloom to grace the barren waste,
Blasted by nature, and by man abhorred.
No roses bloom, where Arctic seas invade
The rocks primeval of the frozen world;
Where Proteus' monstrous herd, with horrid yells,
Rush through the tempests of their foul domain:
No roses bloom in Zaära's flying sand,
Nor central Afric, where the lion guards
His blood-stained litter, or the gasping snake,
Rolled in unwieldy masses, licks the dust:
Nor, where the solitary condours wind,
O'er Andes' cloudless snow, their patient flight." P. 11.

" But who shall trace the ever-varying tinge
That paints the glossy petals, or define
The mingling colours, that from virgin white
Glow into purple blushes, and eclipse
The crimsoned splendour of the velvet robe?
Now, with loose streaks, and now, with faint approach,
Vermilion sports with white, now, yellow dyes
Contrast the brighter pink or fading red.
" O'er many climes, the scented *eglantine*
Uncultured waves her fragrance, and the *briar*,
With hooked thorns encircled, smiles diffuse
O'er many a tufted hedge or village path." P. 13.

The apostrophe to domestic retirement is highly poetical.

" Oh happy! who can lead
The docile twigs, and teach the clustering buds
To adorn the summer seat, where solitude
And peace can fearless catch the morning breeze,
And listen to the murmuring stream beneath!
Oh more than happy! whom domestic love
Culls from the restless crowd, for whom he strews
A thornless bed, and shelters from the world!" P. 15.

The practical directions for the cultivation and pruning of roses are less prosaïc than such pieces usually are. We prefer, however, the author's moral allusions.

" And be it thine, O lovely Rose! with all
Thy sister flowers, to blaze the theme of truth
And order: say, why o'er thy armed stem
Has Providence dispersed the varied thorn?
Or on thy leaves the downy vesture spread?
Or raised a hispid fence beneath thy buds?

Or clad thy hairy seeds? In vain, the worm
Devours the bud; in vain, the aphis drops
Her daily progeny: each form retains
Its station, and its use: the destined guards
Temper the chilling of the eastern blast;
Arrest the ravages of insect tribes;
Or bid them range innocuous: here, bask
Their tender brood: here, courtiers of the sun,
The radiant beetle and pellucid fly
Lave their rich armour in the spangled dew.
" Here, the black bee prepares, with tender care,
The leafy circles of her procreant bed,
To line her arched chambers, scooped, with pain,
Through oak or sallow, or, beneath the earth,
Mid secret passages, unaided, frame
The labyrinth and verdant wall. This when
The rustic sees, amazed he turns, and flies
Far from the enchanted spot, fearful to touch
The charm supposed, and the revenge incur
Of sorceress or fairy. With alarm
More just, the panting damsels tried the wreath,
Or magic flower, that, with a fading form
Mourn'd o'er the faithless nymph and conscious wife;
But, with resplendent tints reanimate,
Breathed heavenly odours o'er the matchless brow
Of constancy; which twice, in legend tales,
Was found; perhaps, in legend tales alone." P. 22.

The superstition of the "Popes, who used every year to consecrate a golden rose, which was usually sent to some favourite prince as an holy present," is happily satirised.

" Thee, Amarantha, let the muse record
Indulgent, and no other wreath I seek,
Than flowers entwined by thy inspiring hand;
More precious, than the Golden Rose, that crowned
Toulousian bards, amid the floral feast;
Or those, which, in the prostituted name
Of heaven, the Sovereign Pontiff blessed, to swell
The pride of kings, or bribe Loretto's shrine." P. 37.

The concluding stanzas of this canto discover an amiable and enlightened mind.

" First ruler of the human mind, to thee
The humble muse her earliest homage owes.
Be gentle in thy course, pure in thy wish,
And soothing in thy soft control: or else,
Far let us fly, and fire the eager soul
To deeds of high emprise; to raise the spear
In patriot armaments, at her command,
Who bears the OAKEN wreath of civic worth,
Enchanting LIBERTY: or sink, retired,

In FRIENDSHIP's more indulgent arms, and, with
Her social VINE, o'ershade the tranquil bower
Of Fancy; sheltered, from the ruder blast,
And scattering of thy light-winged flowers, O Love!
" And it is theirs, to rouse the mortal thought
Above all low affections, and the vile
Bent of the selfish intellect; yet all
Are vain, with mightier energies, to clothe
The panting soul, and, with ethereal fire,
Repurify the essence, still, immersed
In sublunary darkness, chained to earth;
If mild RELIGION, with her charms unveiled,
Effect no miracle, nor strew with PALMS
The way to immortality. For her, should rise
The poet's latest theme, and melt these songs,
Of wayward lore, and various texture wrought,
Into one just, premeditate design." P. 38.

We observe in the 36th page of this canto, for the sake of quantity, the word *consecrate* used instead of *consecrated.* In the same page there are two similes, or comparisons, accompanied with a reflexion on them; these greatly impair the perspicuity of the sense. The author's memory and imagination in this case were both too fertile; although he may plead the example of Milton for such things. We mention these trivial errors, however, because we are persuaded he is perfectly capable of avoiding them in future.

The second canto celebrates the *Oak* much in the same manner as the *Rose.* After invoking his Muse to reward "the patriot warriors who have bled in British arms," he delineates the progress of British navigation.

" Thou followest the Hero's track, and seest
From thy retired grove his gleaming sword
Flash terror o'er each sea, each hostile shore,
From ice-bound Baltic to the isles of Ind: —
Or where the tributary Ganges yields
His willing waves to spread the conquering name
Of Britain: while the towers of Agra sink
In dust, and from their ashes rise, to seek
Their vassal crowns and safety from her hand,
The obedient thrones of Delhi and Mysòre: —
Or where the mouldering Ptolemaïs* found
Salvation in one British arm more strong

" * Ptolemaïs. — Acre. Anciently Ace, or Acon: under the Romans, it was called Ptolemaïs, and was a colony of Claudius Cæsar. *Plin. H. N.* v. 19. Since which time it has been twice the scene of British heroism.

Than citadels, or all the Othman host: —
Or where the wondering Egypt heard the crash
Of Hyperborean arms: the Gothic flags
Catch the fell blasts of Afric, and around
Sweeps loathsome pestilence, prepared to check
The furies of barbaric war with fiends
More horrid than his own. Ye parching winds,
Breathed from the centre of the burning sand,
Ye faithless coasts, ye deserts, tracked by men
More savage than yourselves, say, with what fear
Unknown before, when Macedonian arms,
Roman or Persian, chased your flying hordes,
You saw the British chief than Ammon's son
More terrible, engirt with flames and death,
Ride o'er your boiling strands, upon your shores
Come thundering, and all the Gallic flags,
And from their moorings in one fiery grasp
The grappled navy tear? What though your sands,
Your plains accursed, your blasted hillocks (where
Bleak Despotism sits enthroned by Fate
On monuments of slavery) can rear
No freeborn chaplets of enduring Oak,
No civic crowns to shade a patriot brow;
Yet must some tears of admiration fall
On Abercrombie's grave, and, all ye can,
Your ever-verdant palms shall strew the spot,
Where for mankind a British Hero died!
" In milder climes, beneath her oaken shade,
Shall Freedom raise the hymn of victory:
The healthy zephyrs playing round her neck
Shall float her tresses wild, and airy vest;
Her fair arm balances the guardian spear;
Her hand she rests upon the shield of peace,
And smiles o'er British waves: the pendent cliff,
The forest unconfined, the scented heath,
The living fount that scoops the polished rock,
Are cherished by her smile: her oaken shade
She celebrates with joy; with joy contemns
The gorgeous prisons of the sceptered East,
The spoils barbaric, and the studded thrones
Where Justice never sat; mean contrasts all
To her enlivening beams and genial day!" P. 72.

" And should again the prostrate liberties
Of Europe wither in the ruffian grasp
Of tyranny, more base than ever Rome
Pressed on her plundered provinces, the sons
Of Freedom o'er the Atlantic waves shall bear
Their spotless virtues to a kindred world." P. 75.

Mr. Tighe has used the metaphoric language of some of the prophets with considerable effect in the following animated and poetical address: —

" Daughter of Albion, empress of the main,
Turn to thy God! — for He hath set a crown
Of gold and pearls upon thy favoured front,
And covered thee with more than Tyrian robes. —
Thee the unceasing currents of the Cape,
The storms of Mozambique, the dark monsoons
Obey, and waft the wealth of Serica,
Of Taprobane and golden Chersonese,
(Known by new names) to heap thy envied mart!
Daughter of commerce, empress of the main,
Turn to thy God; — For He hath girt thy breast
With iron ramparts, and thy loins with strength:
By Him the perilous shoals, by Him the rocks
Were laid, that circle thy embattled shore:
He wings His storms around, and on thy flanks
Hath circumfused the currents of His sea.
Turn to thy God, oh Albion! — For He gave
The patient Oak to waft thee to renown,
And eternise thy freedom in His love!" P. 78.

The political allusions blended with the description of Windsor forest and the British oak, evince the taste and skill of the poet.

" . . . . the British Oaks, in looser groups,
Surround with native majesty the hall
Or ancient mansion, where the joyous song
Of hospitable harmony collects
The Arts, and sister Graces: where the Muse
Strays unconfined, and to the Naiad chants,
Beside the trickling fount, the tale of yore,
The tale of arms, of victory, or fame." P. 85.

" She sings Porphyrion, and his serpent crew,
Who tore the ancient forests from the earth
Convulsed, and hurled them, in invading storms
Of roaring fire, against the throne of Jove:
Amid the desolation, unappalled
Stood Hercules; and with one giant branch,
Rived from a flaming Oak, dashed Eurytus
Blaspheming from the clouds: so shall the fiends
Of Gaul in vain their poisoned serpents writhe,
And urge in vain a thousand armed hosts,
Rapacious to devour the verdant isles
Of Britain; who unaided guards the rock
Of Freedom, and alone sustains the world.
The Dryads and the Fauns repeat the strain." P. 87.

Those who have read the narrative of Cook's last voyage, will feel the justness of this tribute to his memory.

" 'Tis then she heaves the recollective sigh,
Melting in softer notes the broken lay. —
For after all thy patient labours done,

For after all thy deeds of social love,
O virtuous navigator, son beloved
Of Britain, after all thy glorious race,
No friends sustain thee to an honoured grave!
No kindred mourners thy loved corpse inhume!
A savage hand, amid thy great career,
Tore thee from manhood and thy country's arms,
And left thee mangled on a barbarous shore,
O virtuous navigator, son beloved
Of Britain, who explored, with dauntless aim,
The mighty barriers of each frozen pole!
The weeping Nereïds shall repeat the strain." P. 90.

A generous verse is also bestowed on the unfortunate La Pérouse; after which the hero of Trafalgar commands a lay.

" But louder notes resume the broken lay,
Such as amid the desolating storm
Were heard, when Victory bedewed her palms
At Trafalgar with tears: enraged, the Sea
In mountains rolled around her Hero's bier,
Poured the conflicting tempest, winged with death;
She woke the Furies of the deep, prepared
To celebrate in watery obsequies,
The direful sacrifice of all his foes:
But British Virtue, with a nobler aim,
Soothes the congenial spirit of her friend;
And snatching from the grasp of ruin, bears
His struggling enemies in triumph o'er
The waves' reluctant foam; nor heeds the shock
Of seas and winds nor Terror's howling form,
When Pity leads her through the wreck of night." P. 92.

The following sentiment is highly honourable to the author's head and heart.

" We would not rob you of your natal shade,
Ye wandering nations of the western world,
To rule with foreign hulls the subject main.
To thee the sovereign trident of the seas
Belongs, O daughter of the British grove,
To thee the everlasting care to shield
From ruffian arms the nymphs of Albion." P. 102.

We shall only extract the author's concluding address to Liberty and his native woods in Ireland, with a truly patriotic appeal to his countrymen. Lamenting the persecution of Liberty, who from —

" . . where the frantic Gaul adored a false
And prostituted image, idly styled
The form of Freedom, on whose altars bled,

Mid stifled groans, an hundred hecatombs
Of human victims. — Check thy rash career,
O Muse! and homeward turn thy steeds fatigued,
Court the refreshing murmur of thy streams,
Thy native shades, where Liberty still holds
Her jealous reign, and listens to the songs
Of Hope; where, o'er the windings of the rock
Leaps the re-echoing torrent, or its foam
Whirls round beneath the towering cliff, whose brow
The vivid holly overpeers, and waves
The birch, in woodbine fillets hung, her buds,
Her purple sprays, and silver arms above.
" Here, on an humble seat, unseen, beneath
Yon ivied rock, or where the russet thatch
Shelters an artless hut, let me retrace
The dream of life; or, if that dream arouse
The melancholy train of phantoms doomed
To haunt the restless circle, sadly trod
By human recollection, let me awake
The Genius of the wood; with him restore
The memory of lapsed ages; see the wolf,
Sole tyrant of the forest, from his lair
Spring to the chase, and on the heathy rock
Arrest the panting fawn; behold again,
Around the blazing heap, a naked band
Consume the monstrous elk, by savage wiles
Ensnared; or image scenes, where Danish swords
Have dyed the stream in blood; or where the lone
And patient anchorite hath told his beads,
While yet the woods of Erin could enshroud
Her thousand saints. — Why, Erin, are thy hills
Unclad, thy mountains of their robes bereft?
Shall the cold breeze, unchecked, pour o'er thy plains
For ever? Has the fiend of Discord chased
Thy ancient Dryads to some peaceful shore
Remote, and left thee bare and desolate?
In vain the British Oak shall plough the sea,
Protector of thy liberties, if thou
Neglect with lenient hand to bind thy wounds.
" Then may thy happier scenes revive, and all
Thy sylvan nymphs and deities return,
The sacred woods above thy rivers bend,
And grateful harps, upon Lagenian [Leinster] hills,
Or where the Atlantic or the northern main
Swells in the bosom of thy winding bays,
Record the living Oak: thy sons, no more
Clear the dark wilderness of western worlds,
Or bathe their restless hands in kindred blood;
While Commerce shall unfurl her social sails
To every wind, circling from every sea
Thy verdant shores secure; and Fame adorn
With civic wreaths the guardians of thy peace." P. 109.

The notes which illustrate these two cantos are in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, and discover equal classical reading and botanical science, as well as various other topics incidentally introduced. They and the poems do honour to the poet, the philosopher, and the man. The occasional poems at the end of this volume, which we hope the author will not fail to follow by another, complete his plan: they consist of sonnets and lines to the river at Rossana, in the county of Wicklow, and are greatly superior to most of the modern verses. We shall quote the conclusion of the "Lines in Praise of Coffee."

> "When struggling asthma shall the bosom seize,
> 'Tis thine, blessed plant, to give the patient ease.
> The throb convulsive slowly shall subside,
> And the new pulse uninterrupted glide;
> O'er the pale cheek returning life shall play,
> And slow-reviving strength proclaim thy sway.
> So when the Saint, more powerful than death,
> Pass'd o'er the widow's son his healing breath,
> The conscious heart with new sensation beat,
> And sprang the loved embrace with gratitude to meet."
>
> P. 144.

An Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever; as deducible from the Phenomena, Causes, and Consequences of the Disease, the Effects of Remedies, and the Appearances on Dissection. In two Parts; Part I. containing the General Doctrine of Fever. By Henry Clutterbuck, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. pp. 440. 9s. Boosey.

"TO a person unacquainted with the history of physic," says this author, "and the imperfect state of its doctrines, it must occasion no small surprise, to find that a disease of almost daily and universal occurrence, and which has employed the pens of the most enlightened of the profession for the space of two thousand years, should at the present day be involved in doubt and obscurity, and that the widest differences of opinion should still subsist, both with regard to its nature and the mode of treatment."

The object of the present INQUIRY is to show, "that fever consists essentially in topical inflammation of the brain, or its membranes." The work comprises five chapters, each of which is divided into a certain number of sections. The first chapter contains Preliminary Considerations; consisting of the Laws of the System in Health — the Nature of Disease generally — and the Division of Diseases into Universal and

Local. Here Dr. Clutterbuck contends that there is no such thing as universal diseases.

"A disease can only in strictness be termed general or universal" (says he) "when it affects every part of the system at once. But there are evidently none such. The whole system may, indeed, be weakened, and all its actions be consequently diminished, as by loss of blood; but such a state, if it affect all parts equally, is not disease; though it perhaps strongly predisposes to it. Something more is wanted to constitute morbid action. Under such a state of general weakness the functions may continue to be carried on, though less vigorously than before; and until one or more of these become deranged or interrupted, or until some uneasy sensation is induced, disease can hardly be said to exist." P. 23.

This general conclusion we are not disposed to dispute; for surely there is no disease that "affects every part of the system at once;" or, more properly, there is no disease in which every part of the system is equally affected, or suffers the same degree of morbid action. As Brown expresses it,—

"Every one of the exciting powers always affects some part more than any other. In this way, temperature affects the surface of the body — diet, the stomach and the rest of the same canal — the blood and other fluids, their respective vessels — labour and rest, the vessels again, and fibres of the muscles — passion and exertion in thinking, the brain," &c.

The same reasoning is applicable to the morbific agents. "The affected part is generally that to which any of the powers is directly applied." Still we are of opinion, that the division of diseases into general and local is useful in practice, that we may not, as Dr. Clutterbuck observes, "be employed merely in the palliation of symptoms, but in endeavouring to remove their causes, wherever this is practicable."

In the second chapter, Dr. Clutterbuck endeavours to assign the primary seat of fever in the body. In doing this, he examines the various phenomena of the disease — traces their order of occurrence, and their dependence on one another and on the exciting causes — in order to show that the brain is the true seat of morbid affection in fever, and the source of all the symptoms which essentially belong to this disease, and which serve to distinguish it from other diseases. This opinion, he thinks, will be confirmed by the consideration of the remote causes that induce fever, and of the particular circumstances which seem to predispose to it.

The third chapter is devoted to the consideration of the nature of fever. Here the author lays down his fundamental doctrine — "that the disorder of the brain, which takes place in fever, is either a state of actual inflammation, or at least a condition nearly allied to it." This he endeavours to prove by a reference to the phenomena and causes of the disease, the effects of remedies, and the appearances on dissection.

We readily agree with our author, that "in fevers the functions of the brain are greatly deranged, and that many of the most formidable symptoms of the disease may be referred directly to this source." But we cannot decidedly admit that this cerebral derangement is founded on inflammation, or that it is the proximate cause of fever, upon which the symptoms immediately depend.

Dr. Clutterbuck distributes the occasional causes of fever into three classes: — First, those which act through the medium of the mind, as the mental passions and emotions; secondly, those which may be supposed to act by irritation, as cold, irritating, and indigestible matters in the *primæ viæ*, teething in infants, wounds, inflammation, &c.; and thirdly, such as are capable of assuming an independent material form, as the different contagions, marsh miasmata, putrid effluvia, &c.

"These may either be supposed," says our author, "to act on the extremities of the nerves, to which they are at first applied, or to be taken into the system by absorption, producing their effect by direct application to the brain itself, or its vessels." P. 116.

In our author's opinion, however, there is no necessity for supposing infectious matters to be absorbed.

"They may act on the brain through the medium of the mouth, nostrils, lungs, stomach, or skin; with all of which they must come in contact. Whether they actually do so in all cases or in any, or whether they are in some instances absorbed and carried into the system, it is difficult to determine; but in either case their action is probably exerted on the sentient extremities of nerves: in the latter case, on those distributed on the internal coats of the blood-vessels — in the former, on those of the general surface of the body, or of the cavities which open externally." P. 120.

In like manner, those occasional causes "which may be supposed to act by irritation, as cold, irritating, and indigestible matters in the *primæ viæ*, teething in infants, &c." also act "on the sentient extremities of nerves." In short, neither these causes nor "infectious matters" have any di-

rect operation, either on the brain itself or its vessels; and therefore it is difficult to conceive how they can produce inflammation in that organ.

Those occasional causes, however, "which act through the medium of the mind, as the mental passions and emotions," certainly exert their energy directly and primarily on the brain. But while they operate thus, do they leave the brain unchanged, and produce inflammation in its vessels? We should rather suppose that they derange the brain in the first instance; and that inflammation, if it really takes place, is a secondary effect of their operation.

"It is certain," indeed, "that the condition of the brain may be very powerfully and *suddenly* influenced by applications to remote parts of the body. Thus fainting, or a total loss of sense, is often *instantaneously* induced by the action of certain odours and effluvia on the organ of smell; while it may be as *suddenly* again removed by applications of a different kind.

"Alcohol, opium, laurel-water, and some other vegetable poisons, kill almost *instantaneously* when taken into the stomach in large quantities; and the bites of certain venomous reptiles prove fatal *almost as soon as* inflicted. Opium destroys the energy of the brain, inducing general paralysis by being thrown into the cavity of the abdomen; in frogs nearly as soon when the heart is removed, as when the animal is entire. The effect in this case must be produced through the intervention of nerves.

"The surfaces on which the nerves of the organs of sense are expanded, are more especially susceptible of external impressions; and, when stimulated, more powerfully influence the state of the brain than other parts that are less plentifully furnished with nerves. It appears, from the experiments of the late illustrious Dr. Black, that carbonic acid gas kills more speedily if inhaled through the nostrils, than if taken immediately into the lungs through the mouth only. 'I discovered,' he says, 'that this particular kind of air, 'attracted by alkaline substances, is deadly to all animals that 'breathe it by the mouth and nostrils together; but if the nostrils 'were kept shut, I was led to think that it might be breathed with 'safety. I found, for example, that when sparrows died in it in *ten* 'or *twelve seconds*, they would live in it for three or four minutes 'when the nostrils were shut by melted suet.' This seems to show that the olfactory nerves are more susceptible of impression than those distributed on the surface of the bronchia and lungs, and is what, indeed, might have been expected to take place, considering the abundance of nerves with which all the organs of sense are supplied, and their proximity to and immediate dependence on the brain.

"In other cases the inhalation of carbonic acid gas, and of various other noxious effluvia, produces *instant head-ach* in many persons attended with a violent throbbing of the vessels of the head. 'A phrenzy or delirium,' says Dr. Lind, 'is often the *first* and *im-*

'*mediate effect* of a bad air.' Some of the gases, when inspired in a highly concentrated state, kill almost *instantaneously* before they could possibly have found their way into the general circulation. And it has often been observed, when the plague has been raging with great violence, that persons exposed to the contagion have *dropped down suddenly*, as if struck by lightning, and have died *in a short time.*" P. 117.

"These instances sufficiently prove," says Dr. Clutterbuck, "that different noxious effluvia can exert their full action on the system without being taken into the mass of blood." Granted: But do they prove that "certain odours and effluvia, alcohol, opium, laurel-water, and some other vegetable poisons, carbonic acid gas, or the contagion of the plague," produce either immediate disease or instantaneous death, by first inducing an inflammation in the brain? It is plain that all these powers operate directly and primarily on the sentient extremities of the nerves. It is equally plain that most, if not the whole, of the exciting causes of fever operate also upon the nervous system; and therefore, whatever may be their secondary or ultimate effects, that system must be primarily deranged. On these grounds we conclude, that the proximate cause of fever is to be sought, not in the sanguiferous but in the nervous system, and that if inflammation does actually take place in the brain, in fever, it is an effect of this sensorial derangement, like all the other symptoms.

Hitherto, the arguments which Dr. Clutterbuck has advanced, in support of the opinion that fever consists essentially in a topical inflammation of the brain, have been derived principally from analogy, and an investigation of the phenomena of the disease in relation to the peculiar functions of that organ. He now attempts to come closer to his subject, and in the ninth section of this same chapter brings forward the evidence of dissection in support of his doctrine. Here, however, he finds it necessary to make a sort of compromise of the matter.

"It might naturally be expected," says he, "that dissection of the bodies of those, in whom the disease had proved fatal, would remove all doubt from the subject; and at once either satisfactorily establish or overthrow the opinion in question. But although much light is undoubtedly to be derived from this source, and we shall find in fact that every support is afforded to the *supposition* that could reasonably have been looked for, yet the evidence furnished by dissection is not absolutely conclusive, and that for different reasons." P. 156.

Having stated these reasons, Dr. Clutterbuck adduces instances from Bonetus, Morgagni, Lieutaud, Werlhoff, Haller, Sir John Pringle, Dr. D. Monro, Vogel, Drs. Baillie, Jackson, &c. to prove that fevers of all descriptions *very frequently* leave behind them visible topical affections of the brain, demonstrating the existence of previous inflammation in that organ.

"It is not, however, to be imagined," says he, "that the appearances now mentioned are to be found in every case of fever. The essential part of this, as of most other primary diseases, consists *not in the altered structure of parts, but in perverted actions: change of structure is a remote effect, a consequence merely of the morbid action, and is what may or may not take place. Hence if the disease prove fatal before such alterations of structure is induced* (which may well be supposed to happen with respect to an organ, upon the state of which all the functions of the system, more or less, immediately depend), few or no traces of the disease can be expected to be seen after death. *The intermissions of fever, during which patients often enjoy an almost total exemption from disease, and the speedy return to perfect health after their cure,* prove that no great derangement of structure can have taken place. That fever does not *necessarily* kill by destroying the organization of the brain, is shewn also by the return in some few instances of the mental faculties a short time before death, where delirium had been present throughout the previous course of the disease." P. 174.

After these remarks, we were rather surprised to find Dr. Clutterbuck drawing this decided conclusion:—

"That the symptoms of fever are the symptoms of inflamed brain, and that the latter is the immediate cause of the former; or rather that fever and inflammation of the brain are identical affections." P. 178.

Upon the whole, we conclude with Dr. Fordyce, that "what the real derangement in the system is which produces the external appearances in fever, is not at all known—it is a disease, the essence of which is not understood." We have referred it, however, to a primary derangement of the nervous system; and this we think we are warranted to do from a review of the nature of its exciting causes, and their mode of operation.

In the fourth chapter, Dr. Clutterbuck brings forward the diagnosis of fever in conformity to his general doctrine—"topical affection of the brain founded in inflammation; in a word, as a variety of *phrenitis.*" The term *phrenitis,* however, he considers to be objectionable, as expressive of delirium or alienation of mind; which, though a

very frequent, is not a very necessary or constant attendant on fever. The term *encephalitis*, as implying merely inflammation of the contents of the cranium, he thinks more appropriate, and sufficiently comprehensive to embrace every variety of the disease.

(To be continued.)

Bidcombe Hill, with other rural Poems. Plates. By the Rev. Francis Skurray, A. M. Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. pp. 162. 10*s.* 6*d.* Miller. 1808.

THE principal poem, in this elegant and instructive little volume, is Bidcombe Hill, which occupies more than one third of the book. The hill, which is here celebrated in no unworthy strains, forms the western termination of Salisbury plain, and commands, of course, a view of various interesting objects highly favourable to the descriptive poet. We are not very fond of blank verse; and, early in life, we adopted Johnson's opinion of it, as declared in his remarks on "The Splendid Shilling" of Phillips—an opinion in which reading and reflexion have produced little alteration. Many, indeed, of the writers of blank verse, seek to supply the loss of rhyme by unnatural sentiment, distorted imagery, and inflated diction; or else fall into the opposite extreme, and, by *labouring* to be simple, become puerile and ridiculous. It is only by observing a due medium between these extremes, almost equally disgusting to sober judgment and classical taste, that a poet can expect either to amuse or to inform his readers. To this medium, it is but justice to say Mr. Skurray has strictly adhered. His sentiments are elevated and pure; his descriptions are animated and natural; and his language is simple, chaste, and classical. He suffers no opportunity to escape for communicating salutary admonitions, for impressing useful lessons, or for enforcing important truths. He is an ardent admirer of the works of nature, but he never fails to elevate the mind from nature to nature's God. In short, the book before us is evidently the production of a good man, considering every thing around him as conveying some moral precept to the mind, and as tending to enlarge his views of the bounty and wisdom of Providence. In performance of our duty, we shall now exhibit some extracts from the poems, to justify the

opinion which we have given of their merit; and our readers will please to observe, that we have not selected the passages which we shall lay before them, on account of any superiority which they enjoy over the rest, but because they can be more easily detached without injury to the sense; and because, also, they show the principles and opinion of the author. In the first extract, the poet alludes to the Abbey of Gastonbury.

" Rous'd by the thunder of the deep-ton'd bell,
The monks* no more reluctantly shall start,
From broken rest, to matins or to lauds†;
Nor shall the pealing organ's sacred voice
Again wake raptures in the good man's heart,
And charm his soul to ecstacy. The dome,
Which once resounded with MESSIAH's praise
And chanted hallelujahs, is no more.
" My Muse shall ne'er with bigot rage exult
O'er ancient greatness, prostrate in decay.
What though corruption with its morbid look
Had scar'd the pious from their ancient pale
Of Christian fellowship; yet let not man
Contemn its grandeur, humbled to the dust,
And break the bruised reed. Are there no ties
To bind our gratitude to cloister'd cells?
Can we forget the day, when Vandal rage
Against the Sciences wag'd brutal war?
When to these seats secure, Wisdom retir'd
(A friendless outcast!) with her learned train,
And hid the treasure which had 'scap'd the wreck
Of hands barbarian, 'midst these holy walls?
——— If Attic elegance e'er charmed thy ear,
Or Grecian story fir'd thy ardent mind,
Think that, perhaps, to these retreats we owe
That PLATO still instructs, and HOMER sings!
" Or, if a tale of pity move thy breast
To thoughts of charity and deeds of love,
Think how benighted travellers on the road,
Led by the taper's hospitable light,
Here sought a resting-place for wearied limbs,
And never sought in vain. Think on the crowd
Who, at the convent-gate, with crumbs were fed,

" * The ancient canons considered the monks as an order between the laymen and ecclesiastics, forbidding their interference in secular and ecclesiastical concerns, and confining them to quietness, prayer, and fasting."—See Fosbrooke's Economy of a Monastic Life.

" † Matins was a midnight service: Lauds followed about three o'clock."—See the same.

The welcome relics of the plenteous board *.
The scanty pittance of the parish pay
Was then unknown. The soul-disheart'ning badge
Of vile dependence never yet had mark'd
The poor man's back, to tell the flaunting world
He fed his wasting lamp with borrow'd oil.
" But not to ENGLAND's isle alone confin'd
The batter'd dome, the convent's vacant walls.
Lo! frantic zeal, in GALLIA's proud domains,
Levels to the dust the sanctity of cells.—
The vestal, who had pledg'd her faith to God,
Thrust from her cloister'd home, undaunted braves
The perils of th' inexorable deep,
To 'scape the dangers from more cruel man.
" The exil'd priests forsake their native land;
From their homes driv'n, their kindred, and their flocks,
They crave protection 'mid a host of foes.
Our generous-hearted countrymen forget
Their hostile land and superstitious rites,
And with Samaritan benevolence
Assuage the pain, and staunch the bleeding wounds."

Here are no marks of bigotry, but a spirit of true Christian benevolence, justly distinguishing between the *use* and *abuse* of an institution, which had much in it that was praiseworthy, and which was particularly useful in the early periods of civilised society, when the intercourse between the different parts of a country was difficult, and before rates were established for the relief of the poor. Certain it is, that monks were always the best masters and the best landlords; and, with all the abuses which had, unfortunately, crept into monastic establishments, there is every reason to lament their abolition in France and the adjacent countries. But we must finish our quotation, which ends with a sentiment in perfect unison with our own feelings and opinions.

" Although the Muse rejoices in the day,
When the Church burst the bands of papal Rome,
And Reformation made Religion free;
Yet when she views the ruin'd piles around,
Whose vaulted roofs once echoed with God's praise;
Or when she sees the sacred exiles roam
Without a country, and apart from friends,
She cannot check th' involuntary sigh,
She will not blush to drop some pitying tears."

" * An almoner, who was styled 'Eleemosynarius,' distributed the alms and broken victuals every day, at the convent-gate, to the poor."— Fosbrooke's Economy of a Monastic Life.

In describing the rural sports of the country, Mr. Skurray, very naturally, refers to that which give to them, at once, their zest and security—that equal liberty, and those equal laws, which bless this happy isle, and this *alone*.

" Where is the heart, that every blessing shares
Which law, and liberty, and rest can give,
But throbs with pity for *their* harder lot,
Who, led by curiosity to view
The pillag'd honours of Italian states,
Or who, perhaps, had roam'd in quest of health
To GALLIA's balmy clime and mineral springs,
(For surely none e'er crossed the waves to bow
At Usurpation's footstool*) now are held
Unwilling captives in a hostile land,
By the harsh mandates of a tyrant's will.
" Upon the branches of the willows grey,
Which o'er the MEUSE's silver current nod,
Their harps suspended hang. From their mute tongues
No sounds are heard of gratulating joy.
For how shall they attune their harps to mirth?
How from their lips shall joyous accents flow,
Lost to their king, their country, and their friends?
" What though the vintage, with its purple pride,
Twine round the elm, or glitter on the rock;
Yet who would not our northern clime prefer,
Where scarce a grape ere ripens in the sun,
(But where true liberty has rear'd her throne,)
To Gallia's sunny hills, and fruitful vales,
Where tyrants scowl, and lawless men bear sway?
Unhappy hostages on VERDUN's plain!
May ye revisit soon your native hills;
Safe at a distance from Ambition's frown,
Pursue our gambols, and partake our joy!"

The lighter pieces embrace a variety of subjects, chiefly rural, and display a correct taste and a chastened judgment. The following stanzas of an Ode to the Isis have something better than poetic beauty to recommend them.

" With partial fondness we retain
A sense of pleasures past,
Mingled, however, with some pain,
To think how short they last.
'Tis vain, we know, for man to mourn
Pastimes that never can return,

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* With the bard's permission, we must except the late Mr. Fox, *Mrs. Armstead*—we beg pardon, Mrs. Fox we mean—and Mr. (now the Right Honourable Lord) Erskine.—*Rev.*

Yet all mankind past pleasures prize;
The mother placing all her joy
Upon her dead and darling boy,
Would pluck him from the skies.

" But ah! my friend, why should we mourn
That pleasures fly so fast?
Why sigh for days that can't return,
Or sorrow for the past?
Youth's dangerous stage of life is run,
In which so many are undone;
We should rejoice that in our youth
We never wantonly did stray
Far from the paths of wisdom's way,
Nor from the line of truth.

" If airy projects now be fled,
Which once inflamed our breast;
If ardent impulses be dead,
Or calm'd to holy rest;
The high pursuits of solid truth
Transcend the short-liv'd joys of youth,
And thus we spend our day:
To us the heavenly task is given
To point the sacred road to heaven,
And tread ourselves the way."

Where example and precept unite, the lesson can scarcely fail to produce the desired effect. We shall extract one more piece, and then consign our poet to the judgment of our readers, without the smallest fear of having our own sentence reversed by them.

" THE CRIMINAL.

" Near the side of the road, on the bleak wild heath,
To show us how wickedness ends,
A gibbet is seen (sad memorial of death)
Where a poor hapless criminal yielded his breath,
Amidst the distress of his friends.

" The neighbours still say he was greatly carest;
In high estimation he stood;
He sung very sweetly, genteelly he drest,
Till a mad wish for riches sprung up in his breast,
Though purchas'd with rapine and blood.

" When the barbarous deed in which he had join'd
Was heard in the villages near,
Compunction arose in his agonis'd mind,
To think that his eye could to pity be blind,
And deaf to compassion his ear.

" The brightness soon low'r'd in his dart-piercing eyes;
The colour soon flew from his cheeks;
In his feverish dreams the traveller dies;
Stretch'd out to his fancy his mangled corse lies;
He bleeds once again, and he shrieks!

" The villagers mark'd his much-alter'd mien,
And tales were soon whispered about;
They observ'd how he hied to the thicket at e'en,
How he wish'd to escape unknown and unseen;
The murder at length is found out!

" Away to the justice they hastily run,
He's question'd 'bout blood that was spilt;
Then, stung with remorse for the deed he had done,
And blushing to show his face under the sun,
He freely acknowledg'd his guilt.

" Within the dark dungeon he's quickly confin'd,
His limbs are all loaded with chains,
The gloom of his cell suits the state of his mind;
To his probable fate his soul is resign'd;
He longs for release from his pains.

" The trumpets they sound, and the judges are come,
To enforce the laws of the land;
To court he is brought (his face clouded with gloom),
With speechless emotion he hears his sad doom
Pronounced by the jury's command!

" The throng which had gather'd the trial to hear,
Rejoic'd at the verdict of truth;
But seeing his mother distracted with fear,
And start from the judge's stern eyelid a tear,
They all of them pitied his youth.

" The day is now come when the criminal dies;
On the common a gallows they rear;
The thunder loud pealing convulses the skies,
While through all the country th' intelligence flies,
That the hour of vengeance is near.

" The victim is drawn in a cart through the crowd,
The multitude hastily run;—
He joins with the priest in petitions aloud;
Confesses his punishment just, and he vow'd
Repentance for what he had done.

" The bells from the neighbouring parishes toll
In mournful regret for his loss;
His crime is forgot; with his fate we condole,
Commending to his gracious mercy his soul,
Who pardon'd the thief on the cross.

" Still on the high gibbet suspended he swings,
Who once was illustrious and brave;
Upon his bare breast ravens flutter their wings,
While the sweet social bird from the gallows-tree sings
An elegy over his grave.

" At night, when the moon the mid firmament gains,
And all in the village asleep;
Then SUSAN, despising the pelting of rains,
The thunder loud rumbling, the clanking of chains,
Comes near his dead body to weep.

" If by chance the lone traveller, mov'd by her sighs,
In pity is drawn to the spot,
Then away to the thicket disorder'd she flies,
She sits within sight of the gallows, and cries,
To think of her lover's hard lot.

" When the rosy morn dawns, and the labourers rise,
To go to their work in the wood;
To the cave's dark recess she unwillingly hies;
Her face and her hands with green walnuts she dyes,
And wild berries serve her for food.

" At length, frantic maiden! thy sorrows forget!
Such anguish thy bosom will melt:—
' Forget! when the sun of my true love is set?'—
— Her grief is past comfort—we can but regret
That innocence suffers for guilt.

" Whoe'er shall read over this pitiful tale,
Of a life cut short of its date;
Ah! ne'er at misfortune let vanity rail,
Let charity cover his crime with her veil,
And weep at the criminal's fate."

These poems are inscribed in a very neat and modest dedication to *The Marchioness of Bath.* The plates which embellish the volume are illustrative of some of the principal scenes which the poet describes, and are beautifully executed. One of them exhibits a good view of *Longleat*, one of the few remaining seats of old English hospitality, manners, and virtue.

The Family Picture, or Domestic Education; a Poetic Epistle from a Country Gentleman, to his College Friend, the Bishop of *******. 12mo. pp. 72. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cradock and Joy. 1808.

IT is the fashion of the present age, in which show is so much more regarded than substance, whenever a poet

acquires *a name* in the fashionable world, to clothe the most trifling effusions of his muse in the most gaudy dress. Hot-pressed paper, new type, and a quarto volume, all combine to give consequence to the most unimportant and insignificant subjects; and subjects, too, of which insignificance does not always constitute the worst feature. It is therefore a matter of real surprise, in an age so frivolous, to see merit voluntarily assume a humble garb; and a poem on one of the most important subjects that can engage the attention of mankind, and executed too in a masterly manner, issued to the world in the humble guise of a duodecimo, without the smallest collateral assistance from type, paper, or plates. We are sorry for this, we confess; not that any such meretricious ornaments would give the smallest additional value to the book itself; but because we are aware, that the *fashionable world*, the wretched crowd of all ranks and descriptions, who purchase books for their external appearance and not for their internal excellence, will throw the little volume from them with disdain, and not condescend to bestow even a transitory glance upon its *contents*; which, though we admit they *are* often the *worst* parts of a book, it will not be disputed *ought to be* the *best*.

The poet seems impressed with much the same idea, respecting the system of education adopted at public schools, as was promulgated a few years since by the present learned Dean of Winchester, and which gave rise to something like a cankering, in which the learned Dean of Westminster bore a conspicuous part. We expressed our opinion on the subject, at the time, with our usual frankness, and nothing has since occurred to induce us to alter it. But the poet takes a wider range, and extends his animadversions, from our public schools to the whole system of *fashionable* education for both sexes, which he most pointedly and, in our opinion, most justly condemns. Respecting the use of the *Pagan* classics, his doctrines are strictly correct; and his observations are equally just on the frequent display of a riotous and turbulent disposition at our public schools, manifested in acts of open rebellion against lawful authority, and pregnant with consequences of a most serious nature, as engendering a spirit of restlessness, disobedience, and insubordination, equally hostile to religious, to political, and to social order. After pointing out the rapid growth of this last evil, he proceeds thus:—

" You smile, my Lord; and rank with airy dreams
My fine apostrophe to 'Father Thames.'
But, ah! we need not rhetoric to display
Vices, that e'en in schools affront the day.
See tutors, masters strenuous to infuse
In each pure bosom all the lying muse *
Of classic Greece, or classic Rome hath sung,
And tip with fable every lisping tongue;
Paint Jove descending into Danäe's lap,
And Daphne's flight, and Semele's mishap;
To striplings season'd in Ovidian lore,
Impart a taste of Chærea's sweet amour,
Till relishing the *goût*, each amorous elf
Exhibits dainty Chærea in himself;
Applaud in acting every lucky hit,
And hail in epilogues the prurient wit.
And, if from Homer's lay the unweeting tribe
The ideas crude of character imbibe;
If thence they draw opinions of mankind,
Or sentiment, to form the unfolding mind;
If stern Pelides fire the fervent youth,
How rich the source divine of moral truth!
And, turning from Achilles' fabled rage,
Hath admiration trac'd the historic page?
Yes! in our boyish fancies we become
The chiefs, the sophists of old Greece and Rome;
Proud trophies snatch from Marathon again,
And at Thermopylæ thrice slay the slain;
Light up anew the philosophic torch,
Where winds Ilyssus, or where glows the Porch:
And kindling, like the sage, from virtue's charms,
The attractive lecture close—in Läis' arms.
Dipt thus in Aganippe's dye all o'er
We rise rank Pagans to the very core.
Nor wonder, if we deem ourselves debas'd
By Christian meekness; or with sick distaste
Turn from the texts, that shew, in simple strain,
Poor erring man, how vicious and how vain! †" P. 10.

" * Pointing out some indecent passages in Horace to a gentleman of reputed sense and good morals, and lamenting that such impurities were not expunged from the school-books; I was surprised at his answer: 'Oh! 'tis all classical! 'tis classical!'

" † To keep the Christians in ignorance, Julian prohibited them the study of the Greek literature. During this prohibition, Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, to supply the Christians with classics of their own, wrote the history and antiquities of the Hebrews to the reign of Saul, in twenty-four books;—a professed imitation of Homer. He also imitated Menander in comedy, Euripides in tragedy, and Pindar in lyric poetry. These imitations he designed for the use of schools. But, however good they might have been,

The bard next shows the vicious tendency of the mode in which the hours of play are employed by the boys at our public schools; plainly, in drinking and whoring. But, we trust, this disgraceful neglect of the most important part of education (we mean THE INCULCATION OF RELIGIOUS AND MORAL PRINCIPLE; and *the enforced observance of a practice conformable thereto*) does not extend beyond the metropolis, where the temptations to vice, and the opportunities of vicious indulgence, require a more rigid system of control, and a more constant superintendence on the part of the masters, than it may be necessary to adopt in the country; and should its adoption be found either incompatible with fundamental rules, or impotent in its effect, woe be to the parents who expose their children to the dangers of a London education! Connected with, and indeed arising out of, these radical errors in the mode of public education, is another vile practice, here most properly reprobated—the discouragement of all diffidence in boys—the removal of that modesty which nature has designed as the noble characteristic of youth. What object upon earth is more ridiculous and more disgusting, than a boy with the airs and manners of a man? A monkey is a preferable being, and much more pleasant company; for they are both mimics, mechanically repeating what they have been taught, and Pug is generally the best mimic of the two; while *he* only follows those impulses of nature, which the boy has been fashioned to check and to violate.

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it is impossible that they could have superseded the classics in purity and elegance. And a boy cannot acquire taste from writings which possess not classic beauty. That the classics, therefore, ought to be banished from our schools, I would by no means insinuate. First, however, for the use of schools, I would erase from them all corrupting ideas; and, secondly, if a master of a school, I would continually point out to my boys, in the perusal of such authors, all the false principles in morality, all the mistaken sentiments as they occur, and contrast them with Christian ideas and doctrines. Yet the practice of the public school is far different. Boys are assisted there, in acting the most exceptionable plays; even the Eunuch of Terence—for which no one will presume to make an apology. And they are there encouraged in writing and singing obscene songs—witness "Miss Bailey." For an Essay on the tendency of the Pagan morality and Polytheism to corrupt young minds, see European Magazine, Vol. XXVI. pp. 334, 335, 336. Since the year 1794, when this Essay appeared, the subject has been discussed by Knox, Reynell, Vincent, and Foster."

" Once, ere the child to ape the man aspir'd,
Or parents prompted vice, as passion fir'd;
Each little neighbourhood own'd its classic school,
Uncheck'd by fashion where the birch bore rule.
There learning lent young truth her steady ray,
As morn's pure star that silvers infant day.
There, nigh their homes, the sons reap'd classic lore,
Where erst their honest sires had reap'd before:
And there, to nurture each expanding mind,
The zealous master and the sire combin'd.
Hence featur'd by simplicity and worth,
A race of 'good Sir Rogers' issued forth:
And, if (not like the cringing crew polite,
Nor, from collision with high titles, bright)
They ey'd the file of manners with distrust,
Nor parted with their old provincial rust;
Their's was the service of the heart sincere,
The generous wish to warm affection dear;
And, never doom'd from distance to decay
Friendships, the growth of many a youthful day.
" Now in each rural town, that whilom drew
Its prime importance from its classic hue,
The venerable master's morning-gown,
His parent smile, his petrifying frown,
His port majestic, his gold-headed cane,
E'en his snuff coat—and all the satchel'd train,
Their humming toils, and emulation sweet,
And sports inspiring life thro' every street,—
Alas! how silent the once busy scene!
Lo, the school-walls from putrefaction green!
The old arch'd door-way nods, a crumbling mass;
And o'er the play-place spreads the spiry grass:—
Whilst poor Minerva in a pet transports
From parks or offices, from shops or courts,
A numerous fry, to " distant towers and spires;"
And lordlings mingle with degenerate squires;
And the pert progeny (so fortune jokes) *
Of sleek attorneys jostle gentle dukes!
Hence, quick as from a hot-bed spring to view
Such creatures, as our fathers never knew;
Lads, on whose cheeks no ruddy tincture glows,
Manerial lords, transmuted into beaux,
Soft *petit-maitres* languishingly pale,
Scenting with sickly essence every gale.
" List! where yon abbey, from desertion dark,
Frowns o'er fell'd oaks that load the untrodden park,
A hollow sound on every zephyr swells,
And echoes start affrighted from their dells!

" * Quoties voluit fortuna jocari.

The rattling of light wheels—and now more near
The prancing of impatient hoofs I hear;
Lo! my Lord flashes on the view! I see
In sharp projection from his vis-a-vis
A countenance worn wan—a figure thin—
Amidst his prostrate woods the monkey-grin!
O Fashion! how thy spells pollute the heart,
And bid young genius act a borrow'd part;
E'en o'er his books arrest the studious boy,
Chase his dear sports and damp his eager joy;
For feeling, kindle up factitious flames,
And varnish many a vice with specious names." P. 15.

In this sickly progeny of fashion, the bard has very accurately described the ennobled *creatures* who infest the Park; insult the sober passenger on those modish parades, the foot pavements of St. James's and Bond Street; who are any thing but Englishmen; and who disgrace manhood, by their looks, their words, and their actions. How are we degenerated! Let us look back on the hardy offspring of our simple forefathers, and compare them with the *animals* whom interested marriages (contracted in vice and ending in adultery) produce, and whom fashionable education rears—and let us blush at the degrading contrast!

Indeed, the whole system of education, to whatever rank or description of persons applied, for whatever station the pupil may be destined, seems to be radically vicious. Is he designed *for the church?*—he first imbibes at a public school a high notion of *Pagan* virtue, while not the smallest pains are taken to teach him the rudiments of Christian knowledge, or to enable him to assign a reason for the faith which he professes; he then goes to an university—if to Cambridge, the *primary* object of his study is *mathematics*, he collects his politics from Paley, and his religion from Watson—but, without making an invidious distinction between the two universities, it is sufficient for the present purpose to observe, that at neither of them is a suitable education provided for candidates for holy orders. We never heard of a tutor giving lectures out of the Fathers of the Church; we never heard of a student in divinity being called upon to read the homilies, or of his having the thirty-nine articles expounded to him. We know, indeed, that there is a professor of divinity, but there is no compulsion to attend his lectures, and his audiences are miserably slender. There ought to be a *tutor in divinity*, at every college, specially charged

with the instruction of those who are destined for the church.

If we look at the education of a *barrister*, we find him usually taken from school at an early age, before his mind is formed, and before he has imbibed any fixed principles, and placed in the office of a *special pleader;* not to learn maxims of equity and justice; not to obtain a correct notion of the origin, progress, and objects of British jurisprudence; not to gain an adequate knowledge of the history of his country, and of the laws of other states, so as to enable him to form a just estimate of the comparative excellence of those laws with the laws of his native land; nor yet to imbibe accurate ideas and a clear understanding, of the British constitution; but to study *forms* to the neglect of substantial knowledge, and to become an adept in all the wily science of *chicane;* in the honourable art of not only defending right and wrong without discrimination, and with equal energy, and with equal feeling—but of making wrong triumph over right.

Turning to the *military man*—we see him, generally speaking, taken from the scene of instruction at the very period when he might begin to feel the benefits of it, and placed in the army, a commission having been *bought* for him, without the smallest preparation for the profession, without the least knowledge of the duties of it, without having an idea of *military tactics*, without having ever heard even of the *science of war.* We see him a beardless youth, without a single qualification, commanding veterans grown grey in the service. His uniform is at once the symbol of command, and the only sign of his knowledge. If he be rich, he looks for promotion to the length of his purse, and not to his merit. In this system, there is every discouragement to study, no incentive to exertion, and no stimulus to the acquisition of knowledge.

Is mere consistence observed in training up a youth to the pursuits of trade and commerce?—he is, indeed, taught to write, and the stores of *Dilworth* and *Cocker* are laid open to him; but his education, properly speaking, begins only when he enters the shop or the 'counting-house. As an apprentice or a clerk, the fashionable manners of modern citizens deprive him of the advantages, enjoyed in good old times, of being admitted as an inmate into the family of his master. He is, consequently, left to provide both food and lodging for himself, to be the guardian of his own morals, and the guide of his own conduct. He is conse-

quently exposed to all the dangers which attend boys who are educated at a public school in the metropolis. The trader of Cheapside has now his town residence in one of the fashionable squares at the west end of the capital, and his country villa besides. He gives routs, he games, and, aping his betters, adopts all the dissipated manners of modish life.

In a word, the times are strangely out of joint; and though we have hitherto escaped a political revolution (thanks to our insular situation!), we have experienced a moral revolution, the effects of which set all calculation at defiance. *Education* and its *object*, in every class of life, seem to be as well adapted to each other as a titled puppy and a city *miss*.

Though we have felt it our duty to state our sentiments on this important subject, for important it is in every point of view, yet we are sensible that some apology is due to our readers for having so long diverted their attention from the book before us. The author's comments, in the following note on Dr. Beattie's sentiments respecting public schools, are particularly pertinent and forcible.

"Dr. Beattie's opinion on the subject of education must be allowed to have great weight. But his objections to a private education are not unanswerable. What he says with respect to school-acquaintance, is fallacious. While such connexions are of use to ten in future life, they mislead an hundred by inspiring them with ideas beyond their station, without affording them the least assistance in the pursuit of unattainable objects. Beattie himself acknowledges, that 'THE GREAT INCONVENIENCE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION 'ARISES FROM ITS BEING DANGEROUS TO MORALS;' and that 'OUR 'INNOCENCE, DURING THE FIRST PART OF LIFE, IS MUCH MORE 'SECURE AT HOME, THAN ANY WHERE ELSE.' After this confession, what can he say in favour of public schools, which ought to influence a mind virtuously and religiously disposed? 'Tempta-'tions,' he insinuates, must 'come at last;' and 'will they have 'less strength?'—No—but the young man, 'well principled in 'virtue's book' at a private school, will have more strength to encounter those temptations, than if, initiated early in a public school, he had never received any religious instruction. 'His new 'associates will laugh at him.' Here it is pre-supposed, that the experiment of a private education has been tried on one boy only; and that all the rest have been publickly educated. But why this supposition?—If private education to a certain age were general, the boy's 'new associates' at the university would also have come from private schools.—See Forbes's Life of Beattie, Vol. I. pp. 180—185."

The greater part of this little, but instructive volume,

is devoted to the important subject of female education; and who, that knows any thing of the influence of female manners on society, will deny that it is a subject of vital importance? The sensible author opens this branch of his discussion with laying down the following principle, which is sanctioned both by religion and by the experience of ages—that women are born for retirement, not for a life of seclusion; but for domestic life.

"Though there exist, I own, among good judges, a difference of opinion respecting the education of boys; yet in regard to females the point has been long positively decided: to all at least who have not thrown religion out of the question, it appears in theory not to admit of argument—I say in theory; because the practice of many sensible and religious people should rather seem to prove the contrary. Surely there can be no doubt that the natural disposition and characters and destinations of women, contrasted with those of men, point them out as formed for retirement. The more approved modes of educating women, in all ages and countries, and their occupations in subsequent life, must sufficiently discover to us the general sense of mankind. How different, at Athens, was the education of the modest woman and of the courtezan! The latter was intended for public use. We shall see, I fear, in 'the English boarding-school,' the seminary for courtezans restored."

The two grand leading objections to the ordinary mode of educating girls, are these: first, that it makes *accomplishments* the primary consideration, and necessary and useful knowledge a subordinate object; and secondly, that it tends to educate girls *above* the sphere of life in which they are destined to move, in defiance alike of an apostolic admonition, and of a maxim of Pagan wisdom. And what does this system tend to produce?—beautiful excrescences on the social tree: useless wives, negligent mothers, and wretched prostitutes! But let our author describe a moder boarding-school, or, in more fashionable phrase, a po. seminary for young ladies.

"Lo, our first nurseries, of distinguish'd name,
By rank upheld, but glory in their shame;
And sister-school with rival sister vies,
'To catch the manners living, as they rise;'
Where girls for simple nature court finesse,
And, happy mimics, shift from dress to dress;
Each art, the invention of caprice assume,
The modish step, the figure, and the bloom;
With the sly hazel, or with eyes of sloe,
Ogle the polish'd tutors of the toe;
As melting masters o'er their bosoms lean,
Pencil, with fairy touch, the shadowy scene;

Sweet dulcet harps, or languish to guitars,
Or steal, from soft pianos, amorous airs! *
Yet, midst these airs, perhaps, the cultur'd mind
May show some symptoms to our wishes kind;
Some marks of solid worth that promise well,
And in exertion future blessings tell.
Perhaps, in embryo, useful talents lie
Where the glib needle twinkling fingers ply;
Where females o'er the tale historic bend,
And some the silent hour to science lend;
And others musing, trace the moral page—
How like the damsels of a former age! † ‡
" But shall fine fingers, that as rose-buds glow,
With vulgar flippancy essay to sew?

" * Dancing, in our first female schools, is so important an object, that a whole train of masters is necessary to its perfection! I suppose Addison's idea of dancing—'only so far useful, as that a 'lady may know how to sit still gracefully'—would be deemed at present ridiculous. And even Sallust, perhaps, would be thought a moralist uncommonly severe, when speaking of Catiline's accomplished mistress, he pronounced her 'too good a dancer for a virtuous woman.'

" † Music is also distributed among a whole band. Mrs. H. More once heard a mother declare, that 'the visits of masters of 'every art, and the different masters for various gradations of the 'same art, followed each other in such close and rapid succession, 'during her whole London residence, that her girls had not a 'moment's interval to look into a book.' But Mrs. More is acquainted with several ladies, who excelling most of their sex in the art of music, and excelling them also in prudence and piety, find little leisure or temptation amidst the delights and duties of their families for the exercise of this talent; regret that so much of their own youth was wasted in acquiring an art which can be turned to so little account in married life; and are now conscientiously restricting their daughters in the 'portion of time allotted 'for its acquisition.' I take this opportunity of desiring Mrs. More to expunge from her book (when a new edition shall be called for) a strange sort of sentiment, to say the least of it—'If life be so 'long,' says she, 'that we are driven to set at work every engine 'to pass away the tediousness of time; how shall we do to get rid 'of the tediousness of eternity!—an eternity, in which not one of 'the acquisitions which life has been exhausted in acquiring, will be 'of the least use?' How does Mrs. M. know this?—The sentiment has a tincture of the tabernacle.—See Strictures on Female Education, Ed. 5, Vol. I. p. 111.

" ‡ The highest mental attainment of most girls, is the ability to write letters—if a qualification gained and improved with little or no expence of thought, may be called a mental attainment. With many ladies, who are said to write good letters, words flow over whole pages, where not a single 'thought' is discoverable.

Shall radiant eyes, that all the world bewitch*,
Ache, in pale stupor, o'er the tedious stitch†?
Yes! and each little heart with transport heaves,
As fancy wanders o'er the mimic leaves;
As hopes, impatient for the promis'd hour,
Brush the fair blooms and flit from flower to flower;
And fears, that all the bright embroidery skim,
With transitory shade, its foliage dim;
And jealousies along the silver stray
Pant on each thread, and melt in mists away!
And lo! the work to full perfection swells!
How flutter the boy-beaux and baby-belles!‡" P. 27.

Impartial justice, however, induces us to state, that there are some modern schools at which more solid attainments may be acquired. From a card before us, we learn, that at one of these schools, a few miles from the metropolis, *fourteen* young ladies (a wine-merchant's *dozen*) may be

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" * Ροδοδακτυλος.

' It is for homely features to keep home;
' They had their name thence: coarse complexions,
' And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
' The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
' What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,
' Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn?
' There was another meaning in these gifts;
' Think what, and be advis'd!'

" So said Comus, amidst his bacchanalian crew; hailing the strumpet Cotytto, the Goddess of Impudence. Very different was the language of the Angel Raphael.

" † Formerly, girls were employed in work to adorn the mansion-house: and magnificent hangings of tapestry afforded proofs of laborious attention. Nor were the walls vain of their decorations. At present, whilst we admire the elegant fingers of a young lady busied in working or painting her ball-dress, we cannot but think that her grand stimulus is the idea, 'how well she shall look in it!' Had she not better been working to adorn her mother? No Roman citizen of distinction appeared in public except in the garb spun by his wife or his daughter. In the last age, I confess, female acquirements were too confined—they were limited almost to the sampler and the receipt-book. But, if girls were once confectioners, they are now actresses.

" ‡ Mrs. More has reprobated these baby-balls. Yet I do not know that her Essay has worked any degree of reformation. In every little country-town, boys and girls mix together in the dance from previous appointment. I have often known a girl invite a party to her father's house, when her father and mother were both absent at their respective places of amusement.

instructed at the moderate price of one hundred and fifty guineas each and five guineas entrance, "in the *subsequent* branches of education."

"Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, the Use of the Globes, and *descriptive* Astronomy.

"Those young Ladies of superior Age or Intellects, whose Friends may wish such Attainments, may be instructed in the Principles of Algebra, Geometry, Plain and Spherical Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Optics, Perspective and Practical Astronomy.

"LITERATURE.—The Italian and French Languages, Ancient and Modern History, and correctly the Principles of their Vernacular Language, *a thing* so necessary to the accomplished Gentlewoman," &c. &c. &c. &c.

What knowledge this *accomplished* school-mistress may possess of the principles of the English language, we profess not to know; but it is evident that she is not much in the habit of applying them to practice; and also, that she has not acquired them from the study of the English grammar. But this is a trifle compared with the vast stores of knowledge which she here opens to the female student, and to which it is utterly out of our power to do adequate justice.

The bard condemns the practice of reading novels at school, which, though frequent, is far, we hope, from being general; and he subjoins a remark on these productions of female writers, which, though strongly severe, we fear is eminently just.

"I have heard it observed, that the novels written by the female sex are, in general, 'pure' in comparison with others, and may be read with safety. This proposition I strenuously deny. I think female authors betray a great propensity to vice, though it be often shaded by a spurious delicacy. In the last age, there were some who, bold in vice, endeavoured to immortalise their shame by writing their own memoirs—Such were Phillips, Pilkington, Vane. Mrs. Manley wrote the scandalous Memoirs called Atalantis, &c. Mrs. Centlivre and Behn are notorious for the indecency of their plays. Since that time, actresses and kept-mistresses have written histories of their own depravity. But, perhaps, Mrs. Wolstonecroft was the only female, who had ever the audacity to become a kept-mistress upon principle. Mrs. Opie (though not to be classed with any of the above writers) has, now, erred greatly in her 'Mother and Daughter.' She has drawn both her hero and heroine as amiable characters; and exposing them to dangers, and plunging them in distress—all, in consequence of the vulgar prejudice that so absurdly operates against concubinage, endeavoured to excite our pity in their behalf, to interest our

affections in their favour, and for their sakes to disturb our principles. In short, to vulgar prejudice they die martyrs. Religion, it is true, is called in; but in the form only of a quaker. I consider 'The Mother and Daughter' as a book of a very bad tendency; and Mrs. Opie's insinuations, as more likely to do mischief, than Mrs. Manley's impudence. Many of Mrs. Smith's novels are also exceptionable. In the mean time, there are female writers who do honour to their sex, even in works of invention—such as De Genlis and Mrs. West. But their sober treatises on education are worth all their fiction. On this subject, however, Mrs. More and Mrs. Trimmer are superior to the other two: they hazard no doubtful opinions—they are guilty of no flights or eccentricities. I cannot conclude this note, without entering my protest against Lancaster and the Edgeworths. Every system of education, in which religion is not intimately interwoven, must be vicious or vain." P. 29.

When *lady-writers* become too high for friendly admonition, and too proud for salutary reproof—when honest praise becomes insipid, and fulsome adulation alone grateful to their ears—it is not to be expected that *celebrity*, however earned, will lead to *improvement*.

In this erroneous system of education, this attention to *accomplishments*, and this neglect of *principle*, the bard says, and we say with him,—

> " I see rank passions fed by latent fires;
> Pernicious weeds, that spring from fierce desires;
> Too fine a bloom that fleets before its time,
> And rotten ripeness, ere the vernal prime!"

The story of *Olivia* is then introduced to exemplify *the effects* of such a system: it is an interesting tale, and ably told.—On the indecency of modern dress, our moral bard thus animadverts:—

" The indecent transparence of modern dress has long been the subject of complaint. Nothing indeed can be more shocking to the modest or the virtuous, than those artfully disposed folds which so define the form, and that flesh colour which so imitates the skin, as to render covering itself no longer a veil. But if morality must be set aside, the consideration of health I should think might have some weight with the parent or the governess. A respectable physician some time since declared, that in one season only, no less than two hundred female patients under his care had either actually died, or would continue to linger for life, under complaints for which there was no cure; and all contracted in consequence of the exposure of their persons in the indecent fashions of the day! But the mischief will not end here: succeeding generations will have to deplore the disorders entailed on them by their parents. A lady, who was herself a fashionist, will be heard,

perhaps, in preference to the physician. 'Dress (says Mrs. 'Thicknesse) may run through all its variations, from simplicity to 'gaudiness, from splendour to the fantastic, without any violation 'of decorum or moral duty. But the present mode of appearance, 'which is so generally adopted, is a very high degree of immorality, 'because it is indecent and immodest—because it is a shameful 'contempt of those qualities which are considered by reason and 'religion, as the brighest ornaments of the female character. 'There is, indeed, little doubt, if one of those unhappy women 'who have abandoned themselves to prostitution, were to appear 'in any public place, in that shocking, half-cloathed state in which 'so many present themselves to fashionable assemblies, that she 'would risk a submission to the penalties of Bridewell.'—See Dedication to Mrs. Thicknesse's School for Fashion." P. 36.

We have not seen this book by Mrs. Thicknesse; but, from the specimens here given of it, it evidently contains many judicious remarks, and much excellent advice. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying one other extract from it before our readers.

"In the Dedication to Fashion, from which I have already made an extract, Mrs. Thicknesse says: 'There never was a period, 'when your influence was so baneful to morals, so obnoxious to 'honour, and so hostile to domestic happiness, as in the day that 'is passing over us.'...'You employ your art in influencing the 'higher orders of the female world, from the cradle to the grave. 'You conduct your votaries, through various scenes of gaiety, 'display, and dissipation, to the altar; and thence, through all the 'negligence of maternal duties, and the indulgence of matured 'passions, to the final resources of cards or devotion.'...'You have 'been for some time fatally successful in banishing modesty from 'your circles. Hence it is, that the young women of the present 'day indulge themselves in a mode of conversation, a latitude of 'expression, and a freedom of demeanour, which the courtezan of 'a former period would have blushed to practise. Hence it is, 'that we find elegant, high-born girls of sixteen in possession of 'all the knowledge which they ought not to know, and their 'grandmothers never appeared to have known.'...'The time was, 'when you were the regulating minister of the forms and exterior 'appearance of those ranks in life, which require a moderate 'attention to them. But the time now is, when you are become 'the school-mistress of vice and immorality; when the demon 'of impudence is your idol; and when the paths in which you 'conduct your disciples, lead to profligacy, to ruin, and a pre-'mature sepulchre.'" P. 40.

We have already quoted so amply from this interesting work, that it would be injustice to the author to make such further extracts as we had marked for the purpose of insertion here. We must, however, cite his opinion

on the propriety of ladies taking upon themselves the management of Sunday-schools.

"I dislike, however, their superintendence of schools. Girls, who are in want of being taught, should not become teachers. This inspires even the best minds with vanity. It occasions an overbearing manner: it induces a habit of officiousness. Even when grown up to women, I do not approve of the interference of ladies with the management of schools. To visit a school with a view to its support, is quite a different business: no one can object to an act of charity. In regard to Sunday-schools, there is little doubt that Mrs. Hannah More and the whole tribe of her imitators have done an incalculable deal of mischief to religion. They have all, more or less, intruded on the province of the parochial clergyman in attempting that which he was ordained to do; and they have thus made him secondary to themselves, and consequently degraded him in the eyes of his parishioners. And from their schools they have turned out crowds of self-conceited folks — politicians, sceptics, methodists—holding their ignorant parents and relations in contempt, disqualified for the stations to which God had called them, and aspiring after objects in the pursuit of which they fail and become desperate, or in the attainment of which they frequently discover designing heads and hearts the most depraved." P. 59.

Here we close both our quotations and our remarks; strongly recommending the attentive perusal of the "Family Picture" to all parents, and to all those who think the proper education of the rising generation an object of public importance. The author's sentiments are uniformly good, his principles sound, his observations judicious; while his poetry displays genius, taste, and talent.

One word more respecting the observations which we have been compelled to make on the present erroneous system of education. When we consider it, can we wonder at seeing the bar prostituted to the defence of impiety and vice? — Can we be surprised at the capitulation of *Buenos Ayres*, the *Convention of Cintra*, and the *Report of the Board of Inquiry?* — Or can we be astonished at the frequent bankruptcies in the commercial world; at occasional instances of the degradation of the clerical character, by clergymen becoming pugilists, gamesters, parasites, and panders to profligate princes; or at the rapid growth of adultery and prostitution?—We should rather wonder at *what we are* as a nation, and at *what we have done.* This system, however, is a radical evil which calls loudly for correction; but as it effects no *party*, as it interferes with no *politics*, as it defrauds no *revenue*, it may continue to call — its voice, we fear, will not be heard.

Our remarks, however, on the effects of this system, though generally just, must admit of many and most honourable exceptions. But while the youths of both sexes, who have braved the dangers and escaped the snares which it has prepared for them, are deserving of peculiar commendation, they must have peculiar merit. The system itself is not the less mischievous, nor the less entitled to censure and condemnation.

CHEMISTRY AND MEDICINE.

The Chemical Catechism, with Notes, Illustrations, and Experiments. By Samuel Parkes, general manufacturing Chemist. The Third Edition, containing the new Discoveries and other very considerable Additions. 8vo. pp. 660. 12s. Lackington and Co. 1808.

WE are pleased to find that our opinion of this work has been fully confirmed by the approbation of the enlightened part of the public, and that the sale of the second edition was so rapid, that we had not time to examine it before a third appeared with considerable additions and improvements. The author, like a man really actuated by the true spirit of science, has most carefully corrected all those errors and incorrect expressions which we noticed in reviewing the first edition, and has now made this 'Catechism,' not only the most useful, but the most copious and correct introductory treatise on chemistry extant. The corrections and additions are by far too numerous for us to particularise; and above one hundred and sixty new articles are introduced, besides one hundred curious experiments added to the one hundred and fifty-four which appeared in the first edition. As the last eight of these include the principal phenomena exhibited by *potasium* and *sodium*, the metallic bases of the alkalies discovered by Mr. Davy, and communicated by him to Mr. Parkes, we shall extract them.

"1. Take a small piece of pure potash, gently breathe on its surface, and place it on an insulated plate connected with the negative side of a powerful galvanic battery in a state of intense activity. Then bring a metallic wire from the positive side of the battery in contact with the upper surface of the alkali, and soon a very vivid action will be observed. Small globules, having a high metallic lustre, and of the appearance of quicksilver, will be seen, some of which will burn with explosion and a bright flame as soon as they are formed. Thus POTASH may be DECOMPOSED AND ITS metallic BASE RENDERED VISIBLE in a separate state.

"2. Take the metallic substance formed in the last experiment, called potasium, make it very hot, and confine it in a small glass vessel of oxygen gas. Here a rapid combustion, with a brilliant white flame, will be produced, and the metallic globules will be

converted into a white and solid mass, which will be found to be REGENERATED PURE POTASS.

" 3. Place a small piece of potasium within a dry wine glass, and in order to acquire an idea of its specific gravity pour a little alcohol, ether, or naphtha upon it; when, quitting the bottom of the glass, it will immediately rise to the surface of the liquid, it being, notwithstanding its metallic appearance, the LIGHTEST FLUID BODY KNOWN.

" 4. If a little potasium be dropped into a jar of oxy-muriatic acid gas, it BURNS SPONTANEOUSLY, AND emits a bright red light. In this experiment a white SALT IS FORMED, being A TRUE MURIATE OF POTASH.

" 5. If a globule of potasium be thrown upon water, it decomposes it with great violence: an instantaneous EXPLOSION IS PRODUCED with brilliant flame, AND a solution of PURE POTASH IS THE RESULT.

" 6. If a similar globule be placed upon ice, it will spontaneously BURN with a bright flame, AND PERFORATE A DEEP HOLE IN THE ICE, which will contain a solution of potash.

" 7. Take a piece of moistened turmeric paper, and drop a globule of potasium upon it. At the moment that it comes into contact with the water, IT BURNS and MOVES rapidly UPON THE PAPER, as if IN SEARCH OF MOISTURE, leaving behind it a deep reddish brown trace.

" 8. When a globule of sodium is thrown into *hot* water, the decomposition of the water is so violent that small particles of the metal are thrown out of the water, and actually BURN WITH SCINTILLATIONS and flame, IN PASSING THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE." P. 592.

Mr. Parkes, since the publication of this 'Catechism,' has been employed in making a series of experiments on sugar, the result of which has been laid before a committee of the House of Commons, and the report printed. It has also appeared in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, and does credit to the talents and industry of the author. An abstract of it will be an acceptable addition to the fourth edition of this work, which we understand he is now preparing. We think he can still improve the 'Vocabulary;' and as we have had experience of his disposition to profit by our suggestions, we would recommend him to add such words as oxydation, &c.; and as no reason can be given why we should write oxyenizement with a *y* and oxidizement with an *i*, unless it be to stupidly imitate the French, we should prefer an adherence to the etymon of the word.

An expostulatory Letter to Dr. Moseley on his Review of the Report of the London College of Physicians on Vaccination. By M. T. C. *M. B. F. L. S.* 8vo. pp. 51. 2s. 6d. Murray. 1808.

IT is in vain to expostulate with a man who evidently discovers himself actuated by *motives*, and not *reasons*. Dr. Moseley, no doubt, well knows the *value* of *notoriety;* and we think his opponents would have acted far wiser, and disappointed him much more,

had they treated his indecent remarks with silent contempt. This is a very able and argumentative letter; but the man who could outrage society by the introduction of such a term as *lues bovilla*, cannot deserve the attention of such a respectable writer, who throughout evinces himself a gentleman and accomplished scholar. Upon the whole, the character of the enemies of vaccination is worthy of their cause. One of them has lately been exhibited in a court of justice for a crime which shall be nameless: another was alternately a mountebank and a smuggler in the East, then a deserter, next an Aberdeen doctor, afterwards a newspaper-reporter, and now a medical lecturer, &c. &c.!!!

A Letter to the Commissioners of military Inquiry, in Reply to some Animadversions of Dr. E. Nathaniel Bancroft on their Fifth Report. By James M'Gregor, M. D. F. R. S. E. Deputy Inspector of Army Hospitals, &c. 8vo. pp. 57. 2s. Murray. 1808.

NOT having seen Dr. Bancroft's Letter, we cannot decide on this controversy, which has so warmly engaged the army medical gentlemen. We perceive, however, from the several quotations here introduced from it, that Dr. M'Gregor had fallen into some inaccuracies, but not such as to effect his character for veracity and medical skill. There appears also to be much useless logomachy about the greater mortality in general or in regimental hospitals, when Dr. M'Gregor candidly admits, "that in general the majority of the more dangerous cases being taken to the general hospitals, a greater mortality was naturally to be expected in them, than in regimental hospitals." After this, we are surprised that the author should insinuate that all "general hospitals receive patients who have not been under the charge of a regimental surgeon." If military patients "have not been under the charge of a regimental surgeon," they must at least have been inspected by him, and ordered to the general hospital; for no military officer would take upon himself to order his sick men to a general hospital, while he had a surgeon to attend them, or direct their treatment. Dr. M'Gregor's "Abstract of the monthly Returns of Sick and Deaths in the Army in Great Britain, from May 1807 to April 1808," both inclusive, therefore proves nothing to his purpose, although it is a valuable document. By this it appears, that in the regimental hospitals the deaths were to the sick, as one in thirty-one; in the general hospital, as one in twenty and a half. Out of 110,000 men, the regimental hospitals had 61,585 sick, and 1987 deaths: in the general hospital (Isle of Wight), 2647 sick, and 129 deaths. Thus we see, that nearly two out of three are sick, although not above one in fifty die every year. It is much to be wished that such abstracts were regularly published in the periodical publications every year, as such an enormous list of sick is highly disgraceful to the discipline of our troops and the medical officers of the army. In March, 1808, we find very nigh one twelfth of the whole British army was sick; Dr. M'Gregor expresses the hope, that "frauds and peculations" in the medical department of the army will be exposed and stopped by the labours of the commissioners, in which we most sincerely

concur. We are, indeed, well convinced, that numerous and serious abuses existed, and we fear still exist, in that department; and if this "deputy inspector of hospitals" succeeds in remedying such evils, he will confer a memorable service on his country, and be rewarded by the gratitude of posterity. We could have wished, however, that he had allowed himself, in this Letter, to have been much more copious in facts, and as much more sparing of recriminatory charges of "falsehood" and "mis-statements" against Dr. Bancroft. In matters of opinion, such as the advantages or disadvantages of general or regimental hospitals, there is no occasion for crimination or recrimination: he who avoids this, may make "the worse the better cause."

POETRY.

The Times, an Ode at the Commencement of the Year 1809. By Joseph Blacket. 12mo. pp. 16. 1s. Goddard.

THIS is a spirited Ode, by a young man, we understand, in a very humble station of life, and with no other education, as we learn from himself, than what he has derived from his own voluntary application. From the perusal of the Ode itself, we should never have discovered that the author had laboured under such disadvantages. It is free from every defect which might naturally be expected in the production of a self-tutored mind; and possesses many beauties which are not to be found in many of the effusions of a highly-educated Muse. We shall extract one of the stanzas, that the reader may judge for himself of the merit of the Ode.

"Not so Iberia's warlike sons,
Who dare a tyrant's arms defy,
Each manly breast at danger spurns,
For vengeance thirsts, for glory burns,
As through the ranks, like lightning, runs
The word — *To fight, to conquer, fall, or die!*
Yes, Freedom's banners, now unfurl'd,
Awake to life a slumb'ring world;
While Britain's arm is stretch'd to save
Her rights from an untimely grave;
And check Ambition's mad career,
Where giant prowess in the fight
Has boasted long superior might,
And fill'd the air with groans — the earth with many a tear."

This is a fair specimen, and by no means the best that might be extracted. Both the poetry and the principle are entitled to praise; and we heartily wish success to this modest volunteer in the service of the Muses. — To the Ode is prefixed an appropriate dedication to Mr. Pratt, accompanied by some well-deserved compliments to that gentleman, for his able poem on the present crisis, originally inserted in the pages of this Review.

An Address to Time, with other Poems. By John Jackson, of Harrop Wood, near Macclesfield, Cheshire. To this Second Edition is added an Appendix, containing various Letters of the Author to his Friends. 8vo. pp. 84. 2s. 6d. Wilson, Macclesfield. Longman and Co. London. 1808.

ALTHOUGH we are no friends to precocity of genius, which rarely attains maturity, yet we have no hesitation in bestowing the "meed of approbation" on the volume before us. It is published, we are told, "as a means of procuring, for a virtuous and deserving young man, that pecuniary assistance which may enable him, in some measure, to co-operate with the wishes and liberality of his patrons and friends, in acquiring the very important advantage of a classical education." The publication, indeed, is one of the neatest, and certainly the cheapest, which we have seen in modern times—a strong proof of the modesty and good sense of the author and his friends. The poet is now in his nineteenth year; and most of his verses and letters are equal to those of many modern authors. The "Poet's Dream" we greatly prefer to the "Address to Time." In the former we noticed only one improper expression—"nest," in the fourteenth stanza, used for *bed*, in order to rhyme with *rest*. Such a low word is beneath the plaintive elegance of the piece. As a specimen, we select the "Stanzas addressed to the deserted House of a Friend,"—Mr. Nightingale, the *reformed* methodist.

"Oh! let me, lone mansion, with thee sympathise;
From the same mournful source our misfortunes arise:
Yet sooner, methinks, *thy* misfortune shall end,—
Thou hast lost but thy tenant, but I've lost my friend.

Though in solitude now we brood o'er our sad fate;
Yet jocund we've been, nor remote is the date:
Thy inmates were social, facetious, and kind;
My friend was adorned with each grace of the mind.

How dear are the pleasures remembrance surveys!
How loved the past views which her pencil pourtrays!
Thy gloom, lonely mansion, shall soon have an end,—
Thou hast lost but thy tenant, but I've lost my friend."

Mr. Jackson's prose letters are neat and lively effusions, indicative of a virtuous mind.

EDUCATION.

The Adventures of Ulysses. By Charles Lamb. 24mo. pp. 204. 4s. Printed for the Juvenile Library, Snow-hill. 1808.

THIS work, we are told, is designed as a supplement to the Adventures of Telemachus. But Mr. Charles Lamb is not a Fénélon; and these Adventures possess no portion of the merit which belongs to the inimitable production of the archbishop of Cambray. They are full of incidents, unnatural and impossible; and although "the

fictions contained in it will," in the author's opinion, "be found to comprehend some of the most admired *inventions* of Grecian mythology," we are not aware of the advantage to be derived by children from such fictions. As to a moral lesson, if the book contain any such, it has certainly escaped our observation. The language is grossly incorrect, and even the rules of orthography are not always strictly observed. We are told that Penelope, during the absence of her husband, "kept much in private, spinning, and doing her excellent *housewiveries* among her maids," &c. But such a production is almost too low for criticism.

An Introduction to Arithmetic, in which the four principal Rules are illustrated by a Variety of Questions, geographical, biographical, and miscellaneous. By Richard Chambers. 18mo. pp. 72. 1s. 6d. bound. Bone and Hone. 1809.

MR. CHAMBERS, we understand from his Preface, is the master of an academy in Cecil-court, St. Martin's lane; and his object, in this short Introduction to Arithmetic, was "to blend the *dulce* with the *utile*," which he has happily attained. We have, indeed, never seen a greater variety of curious and useful information contained in such a narrow compass, and reduced to the form of arithmetical questions. The diversity of facts and subjects, which the author has associated in prose and verse, cannot fail to stimulate curiosity, expand the minds of youth, and inculcate habits of observation and reflexion. We shall take the first question that occurs, as a specimen of a work which we think deserves our recommendation.

"Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, the discoverer of America, died in 1506, at Valladolid, and was buried at Seville in Spain. The oranges commonly (though vulgarly) called *civil* oranges, came originally from Seville.—If 326 Seville oranges cost 1*l.* 0*s.* 4½*d.* what is the price of one? . . Answer, ¾*d.*"

POLITICS.

A Letter to William Roscoe, Esquire, containing Strictures on his late Publication, entitled, "Considerations on the Causes, Objects, and Consequences of the present War." 8vo. pp. 120. 2s. 6d. Kaye, Liverpool. Longman and Co. London. 1808.

THIS is one of the best-written and most argumentative pamphlets which we have seen for a long time. *Facts* are here opposed to *assertions*; *argument* to *declamation*; and *proofs* to *presumptions*. Mr. Roscoe's ignorance, perversions, misrepresentations, and prejudices, are exposed in a manner which, if such political partisans were susceptible of shame, could not fail to raise a blush on his cheek. To those, if any such there be, who have been imposed upon by the confidence of Mr. Roscoe's language, and to all who

wish for information on the grand questions connected with the war, we recommend the attentive perusal of this Letter, which is manifestly the production of a man of sense and information, who perfectly understands the subject on which he writes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Professional Characteristics, consisting of Naval Squalls, Military Broils, Physical Disasters, Legal Flaws, and Clerical Lamentations, uttered by an Admiral, a Colonel, a Lawyer, a Doctor, and a Parson, in the Coffee-room at Bath. 24mo. pp. 178. 3s. Allen. 1803.

THESE characteristics are displayed in a dialogue between the different personages mentioned in the title-page, who meet in a coffee-room at Bath, on a rainy day, and *amuse themselves* by a detail of their respective *miseries*. The conversation is enlivened by appropriate sallies of humour, and no small portion of wit; and the whole forms a very pleasant amusement for a leisure hour. We shall extract a short passage, in which the curate details some of *his* miseries, as a specimen of the work.

"Peace! Peace! thou unhallowed bachelor, whilst I relate some of my new comforts with my teeming wife and twins every year.—Writing a commentary on the Book of Job, within hearing of the nursery.—Whilst absorbed in deep meditation on a controversial point, to be suddenly enlivened with—

'Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle!'—

With a large family grown up, the comforts of a general mourning.—The comforts of a notable wife--always up to your knees in sand and scrubbing-brushes, for the sake of cleanliness.—The pleasure of *convincing* your wife, who is still of the *same* opinion.—The application of the *morning's* argument to the passing events of the *day*--'Aye, Aye; just as before,' &c.—With nice ideas of cleanliness yourself, to have your wife at breakfast in a dirty flannel nightcap.—Having a large party to dine, your wife insists on writing the cards of invitation; but scorning the dull rules of pedantry, by a fashionable uncertainty in the manufacture of her cards, the company mistake *Friday* for *Thursday*, and catch you unprepared.—On a day when you expect *great company*, to be visited by *a poor relation* who is too deaf to take a hint.—Reading to your wife an extract from your best sermon, which you are certain must meet her admiration; in the middle of the best sentence she asks you, 'Pray, my dear, have the pigs been fed?'—Spending the evening with a lady careless of her *children*, but careful of her *china*; one of the romps runs against you, the tea-cup drops, and the favourite set is spoiled!...apologies, &c. &c. &c.—After scolding your servant for a supposed offence, you discover your mistake, and recollect that it was done by your own orders."

Men and Manners; or, Concentrated Wisdom. By A. Hunter, M. D F. R. S. The Second Edition, much enlarged. 12mo. pp. 202 3s. Wilson, York. Mawman, London. 1808.

WE consider all collections of moral and political maxims useful to that numerous class of society which will neither reason nor think for itself. Dr. Hunter has rendered such persons a service, although a very inferior one to that of Lavater in his Aphorisms, or Zimmerman in his Reflexions: he is equally inferior to Shenstone, and many others. Among these 1146 maxims, however, some are excellent, others good, many indifferent and common, others contemptible, and not a few false, immoral, pernicious, and indelicate. Of those which are excellent, Nos. 28, 77, 80, 273, 316, 317, 320, 473, &c. may be enumerated. Of the good, Nos. 4, 5, 35, 38, 57, &c. are instances. Of the indifferent and common, Nos. 3, 10, 13, 26, 47, 75, &c. furnish examples. Nos. 78, 158, 184, 214, &c. are contemptible puns. Nos. 145, 146, 1091, &c. are false or erroneous. Nos. 8. 270, &c. are pernicious; and Nos. 940, 1112, 1127, &c. are immoral and indelicate. Many of the author's maxims, indeed, on the medical profession, do honour to his liberality; and his medical brethren will not thank him for the verdict of the coroner's jury, "Died by the visitation of the doctor," where henbane, and other poisonous drugs, have been administered.

The Spanish Post Guide, as published at Madrid by Order of the Government, translated from the Original in order to be prefixed to the new Edition of Mr. Semple's Journey in Spain, &c. and illustrated by a Map on which the Post Roads are distinctly pointed out. 8vo. pp. 56. 2s. 6d. Baldwins. 1808.

IN No. 122, and the Appendix to Vol. 30, of the Antijacobin Review, we published an "Original Itinerary of Spain," which differs very little from this official publication, translated by Mr. Semple. The obvious utility, if not necessity, of such a work at present, when there is not one good map of Spain to be had in London for any price, must render this service of Mr. Semple doubly valuable to the public, and we doubt not will be received with respect. In the map, we observe that Zaragosa is laid down as if on the north side of the Ebro; whereas, it is in fact on the south, just where that river is joined by the Huerva: these two rivers embrace nearly two thirds of the whole circumference of the city. A similar error occurs at Badajos, which is represented on the west side of the Guadiana instead of the east; and as Mr. Semple must have passed Cordova on his rout from Madrid to Cadiz, he should have made the Guadalquivir pass along its south side. Some of these trifling errors, we know, appear in the original, which is extremely negligently executed; but Mr. Semple certainly could have corrected them. Upon the whole, this map of the roads of Spain, and the distances of the chief places, are sufficiently correct for general reference, and will be found very convenient by those who have occasion to travel only the great roads.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

TERGIVERSATIONS OF THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

To the Editor of the Antijacobin Review.

Sir,

IN a former letter I have directed the attention of your readers to the principles and behaviour of the *Critical Review;* and, if I do not mistake exceedingly, that publication is there undeniably convicted of the most disgraceful inconsistency, and consummate impudence. It is the practice of this Review, it appears, both with regard to theology and politics, to extol the most diametrically opposite systems and characters, each of which, in their turn, it as zealously reprobates; to eulogise at one time what it anathematises at another, and again to anathematise what it has before eulogised; to condemn as the result of ignorance, absurdity, and the most obstinate folly, its own language and deportment: and all this, under every species of its tergiversation, with such an air and tone of infallibility; such an effrontery, a confidence, and a virulence; such a total disregard of truth, decorum, and the opinions or feelings of others, as is perhaps unequalled in any British publication whatever.

Now, clearly, such a procedure is an insult to the common sense of the public, and is a conduct wholly inexcusable. To render it in any degree tolerable, the conductor of this publication should, on every such radical and entire change of his views, publicly announce it, and recant his former opinions. In his own style of phraseology, he should publicly avow, that until that happy moment of illumination and reform he had been a bigoted fool, or an interested knave, or both; that all his former tenets and discussions on the important subjects of religion and government were so many downright falsehoods and absurdities, equally senseless and dangerous; and that it is the duty of every man possessed of common sense and common honesty to brand them, and all persons who still approve of them, with every epithet of ignominy. Or, should this enlightened critic be a new editor of the work, he should make a similar avowal respecting the opinions and character of his predecessors; he should openly declare, that although, for reasons which it is unnecessary to mention, his publication retained the name of the Critical Review, yet that it was his object to ridicule, to revile, and to overthrow every opinion by which that work had before been characterised.

It would, however, be comparatively well, if inconsistency and impudence constituted the worst part of the character of this Review, and if its contradictory statements were always to destroy each other. Such circumstances, it must be confessed, would be sufficiently disgusting. Yet, the case is worse when an attempt is made to employ a credit obtained by better principles and a better conduct to poison the public mind, and when there is an appearance of confirmed bad principles. And this is unquestionably at present

the case before us; at least, in several of the late volumes of our critic there has certainly been a great preponderancy of evil.

On *subjects relating to government*, the prevailing language of the Critical Review now is of the most mischievous tendency. All persons, who credit the statements of these reviewers, must believe, that our liberty is abridged, our property wasted, our honour sacrificed, our lives sported with; and that all our public affairs are conducted in nearly the very worst manner possible. In considering what the British Constitution "actually is in its present living form and vital operations," such, these distributors of "impartial justice," say, "are the exorbitant patronage of the crown, and the defective representation of the people," that "*corruption*" has been suffered to proceed to a most alarming height, and "to stalk abroad with an unblushing front:" that "the *malignant gangrene has eaten its way into the very bosom of the legislature:*" that this "prodigality of influence has *no other object than to corrupt the virtuous principle of the country:*" that it "does not reward the old and laborious servants of the people, but the *profligate and unprincipled of every age and description, who are willing to truckle their patriotism for gold, and sell their conscience for a job:*" that the possession of such a patronage is "a *disgrace and humiliation* to the possessor of the crown:" that "in the present state of the country, almost *every act of the government is made a job, ... an infamous barter of moral principle for the wages of sin:*" that in opposition to all this, "a good government rules by love;" that "the affections of the people are the only force which it needs;" and that to maintain the contrary is to confess "that the government itself is rotten at the core:" that from what we see take place in procuring a "seat in parliament," nothing is left for us "to suppose, but that a man's vote in that house is a saleable commodity, and that his political conscience may be trafficked, like a bale of goods, for a certain quantity of patronage, or a certain sum of gold;" &c. &c. (Vol. 11, p. 411—414.)

It is added, that "no man who directly contributes to the payment of taxes," should be left "without a vote in the choice of his representative:" that "to deprive any part of the property of the country, paying taxes, of the right of suffrage and the privilege of representation, is to do *the grossest injustice* to the possessors;" to inflict on them "the *badge of servitude*, and to hold over their heads the *scourge of oppression;*" and that "the money which is taken out of their pockets," in the form of taxes, is "the *forced offering of slaves:*" that "to expose any particular part of the community to political disabilities and disadvantages merely on account of their religious creed or their speculative tenets, is to be *guilty of high treason against God;* ... and is as impolitic and absurd as it would be to enact that no man should be either barber, tailor, or shoemaker, who disbelieved in the existence of the antipodes." (Ibid, and Vol. 12, p. 214.)

The readers of this Review are further informed, not only that our cabinets have "no rational and just principles in the selection and appointment of ministers, generals, and civil or military agents;" and that "the influence of private and party views" outweighs all

considerations of merit; but, that "IMBECILITY, VICE, AND FOLLY, ARE THE BEST PASSPORTS TO REGARD;" that "VICE, IGNORANCE, AND IMPORTUNITY ARE REWARDED AND CARESSED, *not only because they cannot readily be repelled, but* BECAUSE THEY ARE FOUND THE FITTEST INSTRUMENTS FOR DOING THE DIRTY WORK OF THEIR SUPERIORS." (Vol. 8, p. 182, 183; 11, p. 439; 12, p. 219.)——It is, at the same time, still more exasperating to be told, that things are not in this lamentable state every where; but that our critics know "a military power conducted on scientific principles, and chusing agents by their qualifications, not by the influence of private and party views;" that "*in France*, since the revolution, none but men of talents have been employed in the civil and military departments of the state." (8, p. 183; 12, p. 325.)——At home, however, under such circumstances, it will readily be believed that our public affairs are deplorably mismanaged. Accordingly, these reviewers also tell us, that our country "is suffering for the errors and crimes of its political administrations:" that "errors have been and are committed, to which *all Europe must be the victim*:" that "the successive coalitions which Great Britain has either instigated or *bribed* against France, have laid the whole continent prostrate at her feet:" that, in short, "*the guilt of obstructing and preventing*" the blessed effects of "*the first pacific and generous principles of the French revolution*" is incalculable, and is only equalled by the mischiefs and miseries which this most absurd and diabolical interference has occasioned. (Vol. 8, p. 182; 10, p. 369: 12, p. 545).

Nor must we suppose that our governors have not betrayed, at once, weakness and wickedness the most extraordinary on other important occasions. "*No dog*," the Critical Reviewers say, "*ever experienced from the most savage master, such a complication of cruelties as the Irish*, in different periods of their history, have *suffered from the English government*. And *these cruelties have often been accompanied with the breach of the most solemn contracts, and with every violation of truth, of justice, and of mercy, which has been at any time practised by those who most despise the sympathies of humanity, and the rules of moral obligation*." (Vol. 12, p. 174.) So, speaking of the pernicious effects of a distillery and its productions, which are a prolific source of revenue, these critics say: "*The life of man, in the calculations of politicians, is thought of little moment when compared with the gratifications of avarice or ambition*." And, lest their readers should suppose, that in any case our government is influenced by motives of kindness and humanity toward its subjects, it is added: "Perhaps if the *small-pox* had in a similar degree been an *object of taxation*, the *philantrophy of the treasury would rather have rewarded Dr. Jenner for suppressing, than divulging his discovery*." (Vol. 12, p. 86; 14, p. 212.)——The *war* in which we have been so long and painfully involved, is represented as the result of ambition, avarice, selfishness, and the lust of tyranny; and as highly unjust and unchristian. All persons who do not join "the cry of *Peace! Peace!*" are "the advocates of the *war-faction*," and "*vultures who fatten on the carrion of war*." "Peace, under any circumstances," they tell us, "can hardly be so disastrous as war;" because, in any case,

it is "the cessation of slaughter and a sabbath from the shedding of blood." But, "we know," it is repeated, "that *the lives of men are reckoned for little or nothing in the calculations of our mercenary politicians.*" Were it not for "the folly and wickedness" of our ministers, a peace, it is insinuated, might be made with Buonaparte "likely to be more permanent than any peace we ever made with any of the Capetian kings." But, it is added, "*we have never yet fairly tried whether he be willing to remain at peace.* WE DO NOT YET KNOW *whether his anomalous constitution do not unite the military ardour of Alexander with the* PACIFIC PROPENSITIES OF AUGUSTUS!!" (Vol. 12, P. 544—546.)———The "*income tax,*" they say, "*is the opprobrium of English finance;*" that "*no man pretending to a regard for civil liberty, or to a shadow of independence in the choice of parliamentary representatives, can avoid* EXECRATING THE AUTHORS AND ABETTORS OF THIS TAX:" that "the additions lately made to it by its extention to small incomes, are the WANTON CRUELTIES OF INEXPERIENCED IGNORANCE," and "WRING EVERY EQUITABLE AND COMPASSIONATE HEART." (Vol. 8, P. 430.)

In "the *present pensioned-list of men* who are appointed to direct the helm of the state in this stormy period, we are apt," say these critics, "to think that we see, what we had never before observed, the *abstract qualities of selfishness, fatuity, and ignorance, personified!*" (Vol. 11, P. 439.) These men, we are informed, "rushing forth from their entrenched camp of sophistry, venality, and corruption," "completely outwitted" the late ministers, and obtained their post by "*machinations more sinister and nefarious than those which hags* are said to practise on the coast of Lapland." These monsters, since they came into office, have devised and prosecuted measures of "*cruelty and injustice,*" which were "*never yet exceeded in the annals of iniquity:*" measures which were not only in other respects most impolitic and absurd, but which have reduced us to the "*extremity of disgrace,*" "*completed the alienation of neutrals, excited the indignation of friends as well as foes,*" and *rendered our country* "THE SCORN, THE HATRED, AND THE BYE-WORD OF THE WORLD." They are "*sordid, purblind, penny-wise and pound-foolish politicians;*" "*sworn enemies*" of all improvement, and utterly incapable of it themselves. "To endeavour to make *them* either wiser or better by instruction or reproof, is," we are told, "*like an attempt to communicate sight and feeling to stocks and stones.*" &c. &c. (Vol. 11, P. 295, 415; 12, P. 174, 540; 13, P. 191, 213; 14, P. 42.)———Such is this honest critic's method of speaking of an administration in which a *Canning* and a *Perceval,* an *Eldon* and a *Mulgrave,* occupy exalted stations! an administration who in the leading principles of their procedure tread in the steps of the illustrious Pitt; and whose zeal to do their utmost for us has only been equalled by their rigid adherence to what is honourable, and their laudable readiness to afford assistance to every other nation struggling in support of its independency: an administration voluntarily selected by our most upright and patriotic king, at that dignified moment of his reign, when, under circumstances the most critical, his virtue and intrepidity remained inflexible, although assailed by those who had been forced upon

him as his advisers: an administration who, in conjunction with this best of sovereigns, are our only bulwark against the demolition of our venerable church, and the rekindling of the flames of Smithfield.

Let not the reader, however, suppose, that equally outrageous abuse has not been lavsihed upon *every other administration* which passes under the review of these journalists. That prodigy of talents and disinterested patriotism, the illustrious *Pitt*, with his associates in office, are honoured with their full share of it. They were a "*miserable junto*, who had acted with him in his last *most inglorious and unfortunate administration*." His counsels were "mischievous;" his measures "have dissolved the ancient constitutions of Europe." Under his infatuated domination "the ridiculous system of forming coalitions against France" commenced; our taxation became oppressive; our rights were perverted; the war was continued to gratify those who "bellowed for loans and contracts;" and Britain left "hovering on the edge of an abyss;" on the very verge of irremediable ruin: &c. &c. (Vol. 8, P. 177—191; 11, P. 294; and above.)

Nor, if we may credit these reviewers, were the ministers who succeeded Mr. Pitt in the smallest degree better, but in many respects most grievously worse. No, Sir, those ministers of whom we now hear such exalted panegyrics, "*whose general conduct*" these critics have now the impudence to say had their "*warmest approbation*,"; and whose immediate recal to their stations they now represent as the only possible chance for the salvation of our country; (Vol. 14, P. 36.; 11, P. 439.) — these very ministers were, in 1806, when actually in office, as vehemently abused by them, as ever Mr. Pitt had been, or as it is possible for any ministers of his majesty whatever to be. ——— Mr. Pitt, their remarks then were, "has been succeeded by a motley body, whose oratorical virtues have been melting down from the first moment of their approach to St. James's." On the appearance of the work which was recognised as "the manifesto of the new administration," the people, we are told, "crowded to view the errors and evils from which, they hoped, they were immediately to be delivered. But weeks and months glided away, and not the slightest symptom of alteration appeared; nay, the public discovered that in changing men they had little hope of materially changing measures; that in the movements towards foreign negotiations; in measures to produce internal union; in the system of taxation; and in the disposal of places and appointments; though the name of the late minister was traduced, his spirit still influenced and ruled the country:" and the pamphlet was then "generally considered a *ministerial apology for doing nothing*." "Instead of treading back the steps of the former minister," in regard to the propositions of Buonaparte, Mr. Fox, it was said, "adopted his plan and his language;" that "he imitated the conduct of Mr. Pitt in a proceeding which he had bitterly reprobated;" and that in proportion as the peril of our situation had increased, the *error of Mr. Fox* respecting Prussia was "*enhanced beyond that* of the former minister respecting Spain." "*Nothing*," it was added, "*could be more erroneous*" than the

expectations of the people from these men, "and *the nomination of the new ministry proves to be a nomination of new persons only.*" These successors of the late ministers were said to be "the advocates of similar errors, and the puppets of similar machinery." Speaking of "their conduct to foreign nations, in domestic arrangements, and in those which regard the colonies," which must include all important measures, it is said, that "in most of these circumstances they followed implicitly the steps of their predecessors, . . . with the *additional absurdity* of appealing to European powers buttoned up in the pockets of Buonaparte." They are charged also with "*adding* to, instead of withdrawing, the *burdens and oppressions*" of the people; and with "*committing the adjustment of these galling evils to a young and inexperienced minister, who adopts* ONLY THE FAILINGS OF HIS UNFEELING PREDECESSOR." (Vol. 8, P. 178 — 186.)

Now, when these gentlemen are again bawling in *opposition to government*, our critic speaks much of "their *wise and salutary measures;*" and reflects with unbounded complacency on "*that liberal, enlightened, and comprehensive scheme of foreign as well as domestic policy* which they had determined to pursue;" *now* he tragically bemoans their dismissal from those places of power, "from which," he tells us, "it is not probable that they would have been dismissed, if (angelic creatures, who would have supposed it!) they had been *less disinterested, less upright, and less wise.*" *Now*, in short, these dismissed ministers possess "*all the talents*," and *all the virtue*, and *are the last hope of the empire.* (Vol. 11, P. 325, 439; 14, P. 42.) — When they were in office, his account of them, it appears, was the very reverse of this. His language respecting them then was: "Whatever self-adulation may allege; whatever the flattering flippancy of their newspapers may affirm; *their efforts, their measures*, and *their actions prove them* INCOMPETENT, when brought to the lofty and gigantic standard of the Tuileries." Nay, then he had the assurance to tell us, that this very ministry did not possess "the *very elements* of political science." *Then* he laments, that "while a *weak premier* is lavishing expense on the decoration of palaces to which he knows not who may shortly succeed: while a *** is rummaging the three kingdoms for the smallest circumstances of patronage or power; the ministers for foreign affairs, on each side the water, are playing the parts of the spider and the fly:" and insinuates, that no means are employed for our salvation, "beyond the *sonorous orations* of the minister for foreign affairs, the *buffoonery of a dramatic manager*," or "the *puns* of the war minister;" beyond "*shameless self-adulation*, consisting principally of Irish gasconade." *Then* is their whole system of procedure scoffed at as infinitely absurd; and they are represented as "trusting their domestic safety to *catamarans*;" "combining the wonderful effects of discipline and indiscipline against troops covered with scars and intoxicated with trophies;" showing "Buonaparte the different consequences of contending with a military orator and military pedant, and with a Sydney Smith;" "affecting, by a tawdry species of oratory, to make heroes of shop-

keepers and men-milliners, and of the panders of brothels and club-houses:" &c. &c. (Vol. 8, p. 182—188.)

Then "the reputed abilities of Mr. Fox" are said to have been "greatly over-rated in every capacity but that of an orator," and "the distinction with which he was treated in France was not," we are told, "*owing to* his *character, but* (who ever doubted it?) *to a plan proposed by Talleyrand and adopted with enthusiasm by Buonaparte to* FOSTER AT ANY EXPENSE A CONSIDERABLE PARTY IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT AGAINST THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT." *Then* "the slow and very limited capacity of *Lord Grenville* always followed the events of the French revolution at a great distance. . . . *All his measures were therefore misjudged,* and all his emissaries injudiciously selected." . . . Because, as it is remarked, while "Genius discerns merit, *petty knavery employs its proper representatives,* and *ignorance and folly are always ignorantly and foolishly served.*" And, it is added, "the late minister devised a melancholy legacy to the public, if it be true that he made it his dying request to his majesty to be advised by Lord Grenville in the choice of his ministry." *Then* "the *conceits, and jokes, and contrivances of a Windham,* are not worth the paper on which they are printed: and there are not ten men in Britain, left to their choice, who would entrust themselves to such conceits." *Then* it is sarcastically said, that when the names and appointments of this ministry were submitted to his majesty, he archly observed, "Would not this list of *clever* fellows be improved by the intermixture of more men of character?" and was answered, "The *French* ministers and agents are not distinguished by their good characters." *Then,* in this critic's judgment, "the circumstance of the worst omen and the greatest astonishment is, that a *prince of real genius,* of extensive knowledge, and the highest accomplishments, should *commit all his future hopes to such men.*" *Then* we were solemnly forewarned, that if some fitter characters, "some persons of real and practicable wisdom, some acknowledged and popular minds, should not soon be employed, to engage the hearts of the people, the past evils of French outrages will be comparative happiness to those which may be inflicted on Britain: and the misery of ages will be the certain consequence." &c. &c. (Vol. 8, p. 184 — 190.)

These extracts might suffice abundantly to show, that however outrageously this reviewer reviles his majesty's present ministers, he has at least abused with equal virulence every other administration which is the subject of his notice. Perhaps it will not be recollected, that, in the greatest overflowings of his malignity, he has never charged the present gentlemen with *receiving favours from Talleyrand and Buonaparte for promoting their views in the English parliament against the English government.* The above extracts might also serve abundantly to show the unparallelled effrontery of this critic, who can now in the same publication so highly extol the discarded ministers; who can now gravely tell us, that "the character of the late ministry, their intellectual ability, their patriotic exertions, and their moral worth, may for ever defy" the most

hostile attacks upon it! (Vol. 11, p. 324.) As, however, he would now be thought to admire equally their talents and their virtue, and is indignant at all persons who think differently of these gentlemen, behold him, astonished reader, at another time scoffing at the idea that such "heroes of wisdom and integrity" are to save us, and that corruption is to expire uunder "their strong and *pure* hands;" even when aided by "the vigilant eyes of their *relations, creditors,* and *dependents.*" Behold these paragons of wisdom, virtue, and disinterestedness, represented in this same work, as "*votaries of dissipation, luxury, and profligacy,*" calling in vain "on the numerous classes of oppressed labour and industry, for union and patriotic energy;" as men "*bursting in hungry crowds into the abandoned places of their predecessors,* and *proclaiming with indecent folly their long and gormandising festivities; . . . continuing and increasing the shameful burthens* of sinecures, extravagant pensions, and fraudulent superannuations;" as, besides adopting the absurd principles and conduct of former ministers, guilty of "*the enormous folly of rousing the courage and uniting the enthusiasm of the people by oppressive taxation in favour of profligate rapacity,* and *the waste and profusion of random and ill-concerted measures.*" Learn, from this same source, that under their domination, "*boys*" were enabled "*to sport with the burdens of an industrious people,* and the *locusts harboured in the train of oratorical adventurers to thrive by their miseries;*" that they committed "the *adjustment of those galling evils to a young and inexperienced minister who adopts* ONLY THE FAILINGS OF HIS UNFEELING PREDECESSOR;" that additions to the property tax were made by them, "by its extension to small incomes," which "*are the wanton cruelties of inexperienced ignorance,*" and "*wring every equitable and compassionate heart.*" (Vol. 8, p. 184—190, 430.) &c. &c. &c.

Such was this critic's description of those ministers, when in office, whose recal to their places he now represents as the only hope of the empire! Such, as it hath been quoted above, is his description of his majesty's present ministers! And such is his account of the present state of our admired constitution, and of our general state of bondage and oppression! What idiots then they are, who have so long been dreaming that this is a land of unexampled liberty and happiness! How incapable are such persons of contemplating political institutions, and human perfectibility, in the new and resplendent light of the Tuilleries!

But is it not hence plain, that the *damning sin,* in this writer's estimate of our public characters, is the *being in office?* Tories and whigs, Pittites and Foxites, buffoons and cynics, his angels in opposition, are all, we see, equally devils the moment they become the servants of his majesty, and a branch of the government. — And what must not be the *mischiefs* occasioned by such writers? For my own part, Sir, I do seriously consider the avowed partisans of Buonaparte as friends, and their efforts as harmless, when compared with these vipers in our bosom, and the constant emission of their subtle poison. Under the pretence of rousing our indignation against weak and wicked ministers, they disembogue their jaco-

binical malignity, and incesantly pour fourth a torrent of the vilest falsehoods, and most atrocious calumnies, against the whole body of those who occupy stations of authority; and thus teach men to "despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities;" and destroy in them all suitable ideas of subordination and of respect for their rulers and superiors. Under the pretence of reforming abuses, and introducing some chimerical state of things, which, as all experience has shown, is wholly incompatible with human infirmity, they rail against the agents of government, and advance charges so as to bring into contempt the government itself. After all the awful warnings against such a conduct which the present age has furnished, they persist in teaching men to impute their greatest hardships to the faults of their governors; and thus fill them with discontent and murmurings, make them critics on every man's conduct but their own, and prepare them for faction and rebellion. If, therefore, to adopt a language which these reviewers know, the same dreadful consequences which followed this licentious abuse of the press in France, do not take place here, "*it will not be owing to the want of efforts in those imps of darkness, anonymous writers*" and *Critical Reviewers.*

Let not this inference be thought too strong. In times like the present of unexampled difficulty, when, not through the faults of our governors, but, as it is far more becoming in us to believe, through the just judgment of heaven for our own sins, we have so long been involved in war with a most gigantic and ferocious foe, who is infuriate for our destruction, and has already overwhelmed every other neighbouring nation; when, if angels were our governors they might frequently be in perplexity, or appear guilty of mistakes; and when, although still happy, superlatively happy, in comparison with the condition of every other people, our privations and burdens are necessarily very great; under such circumstances, is it possible to be more mischievously employed than this critic is? What could the "*Father of lies*" himself desire his most faithful agents to do more? How could they, under these circumstances, better promote his diabolical and mischievous purposes than by continually telling the people, as these critics do, that such is the corrupt state of our constitution, that "*almost every act of the government*" is "*an infamous barter of moral principle for the wages of sin*;" that it "*does not reward the old and laborious servants* of the people, but the *profligate and unprincipled of every age and description*, who are willing to truckle their patriotism for gold, and sell their conscience for a job:" that in the selection and appointment of its agents, "the influence of private and party views" outweighs all considerations of merit and qualification, and that "*imbecility, vice, and folly, are the best passports to regard;*" that "VICE, IGNORANCE, AND IMPORTUNITY ARE REWARDED AND CARESSED, BECAUSE THEY ARE FOUND THE FITTEST INSTRUMENTS FOR DOING THE DIRTY WORK OF THEIR SUPERIORS:" that our foolish and wicked ministers, selected for such purposes and on account of such qualifications, have been guilty of crimes which were "*never yet exceeded in the annals of iniquity;*" and have prosecuted measures at once so impolitic and unjust, that they have

not only brought upon us the *most grievous sufferings at home*, but have reduced us to the "*extremity of disgrace*," and rendered our country "*the scorn, the hatred, and the bye-word of the world:*" that our governors *reckon* "*for little or nothing*" *either our comforts or our lives* when "compared with the qualifications of avarice or ambition;" that if these ends could be better answered by it, they would reward the *suppression* instead of the promulgation of any newly-discovered means for the preservation of our health and lives; and, that "*no dog ever experienced from the most savage master such a complication of cruelties as the Irish*," one very considerable part of his majesty's subjects, "*have suffered from the English government:*" that the *war*, with all its horrors and calamities, is unnecessarily and wantonly continued by "*vultures who fatten on the carrion of it:*" that the *burdensome taxes* which are exacted from us are "*the wanton cruelties of inexperienced ignorance*," and in many cases "*the forced offering of slaves*," and "*wring every equitable and compassionate heart;*" and that this "*oppressive taxation is in favour of profligate rapacity;*" that these hard earnings of "*oppressed labour and industry*" are squandered away by the "*votaries of dissipation, luxury, and profligacy;*" by men *who* "*proclaim with indecent folly their long and gormandising festivities:*" &c. &c. &c. (*see above.*) Must not the industrious circulation* and constant repetition of such calumnies have the most pernicious effects? If the subjects of his Britannic majesty still cheerfully pay taxes and comply with the requisitions of government, if they have too much good sense and too much virtue to be excited by these representations to sedition and insurrection, certainly no thanks are due to their authors. O that all such spirits breathed the air of another country, to enjoy, at the fountain head, under the immediate smiles of Buonaparte, those blessings of which they are so enamoured!

> "*Reign* they in hell their kingdom—let us *serve*
> In heav'n: . . . . . .
> Yet *chains* in hell, not *realms*, must they expect."

Such are the Critical Reviewer's efforts on subjects connected with *politics and government*. Of an equally pernicious, if possible still worse, tendency are his exertions in respect to the *church and religion*. But that the painful and indignant feeling of your readers at present may have a respite, the exhibition of these shall be deferred to another opportunity. In the mean time, with the most cordial wishes for the success of your Antijacobin labours,

I am, Sir, with due respect,

Your's,

DETECTOR.

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* It will be some consolation to the friends of virtue and truth to know, that the circulation of such a publication is rapidly *decreasing* every month, and that although its existence may be lamented, the actual number of two or three hundred is not such as to create any serious alarm for its mischievous influence.—

EDITOR.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

MONTHLY REVIEW, & VAUMALE ON FORTIFICATION.

To the Editor of the Antijacobin Review.

Sir, Great Marlow, Bucks, Dec. 16th, 1808.

I shall look upon it as a particular favour, if you will have the goodness to insert, as soon as convenient, in one of the numbers of your so-justly-admired Review, the following answer to the critical observations on my *Aperçu général et raisonné sur la Fortification de Place*, &c. given in the Appendix of the Monthly Review for September last. Did I know of a more respectable channel for conveying them to the British public, I would not have troubled you with the present application.

I shall not employ myself in combating the doubt expressed by my anonymous critic, in regard to my rank of captain in the royal corps of French engineers: the fact is sufficiently notorious, and so easy to be ascertained, that an insinuation to the contrary is rather malicious than injurious. I will only observe, that this corps having been designated by the appellation of *national* and *imperial*, under the revolutionary governments, I have prevented any ambiguity in regard to myself by using the word *royal*. I think even that the candid and judicious will see, in my solicitude to preserve this ancient denomination, the indication of a laudable attachment to the rights of my legitimate sovereign, and an allowable protest against the enterprises of usurpers.

I leave my critic to plume himself on the discovery that the reputation of the French engineers is ill founded. If it will add to his satisfaction on this head, I will even declare that I have drawn all my assertions from our true masters of fortification; and that I could point out such distinctly in the writings of Vauban, Clairac, Cormontaigne, &c.; so that my ideas on this science are strictly conformable to those of the corps to which I esteem it an honour to belong.

It would be improper to praise my own style of writing; but, on such a subject as I have treated, perspicuity must be the principal merit; and I am justified in asserting, that many natives of England, as well as a number of my own countrymen, have proved that they perfectly comprehend my work, by favouring me with flattering approbation, as well as judicious remarks. Besides, I am not surprised that my critic should find my style totally unintelligible; for in his citations he shows himself so little acquainted with the French language, as to mistake the sense of the most obvious phrases: for example, after having read, p. 13 of the Preface — "*cette marche précieuse consiste à comparer perpétuellement, dans toute leur étendue, les moyens de l'attaque et les précautions de la défense*," &c. — he absurdly supposes that I make it consist in fixing the profils of the different works of fortification, before the plans are laid down.

It is at the commencement of Chap. IV. and consequently in terms far different from the expressions above cited, that I undertake to justify the method of beginning by the profils; and as the critic is pleased to declare this method contrary to common sense, I would simply ask him how he could otherwise make himself understood by a person who should demand the reasons for which he was required to bend and turn in a fixed and singular manner the circuit of a fortification? — Apparently, indeed, the critic felt the embarrassment to which such a question would reduce him; and seems as if wishing to elude it, by pretending that I employ a number of pages uselessly, in demonstrating the necessity of bastions, investigating the dimensions proper for each part of the enceinte, and regulating its form. I may allow that such is the figure generally adopted; yet *every engineer* knows that this very configuration has been too warmly contested by some authors, and too variously modified by others, not to render it necessary to develope and demonstrate its principles. Besides, however simple these principles may appear after the examination into which I have entered, will my critic permit me to observe, that the systems of the Marquis of Montalembert prove that even merit and talents require those very explanations which he has so confidently declared idle? And is it not contrary to the rules of true science to justify its principles by the mere authority of general practice?

Further, in adverting to some opinions of an author so celebrated as the Marquis of Montalembert, I have only been desirous to warn such of my readers as are novices in fortification against them; and for this reason I have contented myself with pointing out his principal errors. A true refutation of the perpendicular fortification, as he terms his system, has been given by a society of general officers, our directors, in a manner much more complete, especially much more military, than that so complacently produced by the critic. This refutation forms a considerable volume in quarto, with numerous and complicated plates: it is evident, therefore, that such a discussion would have been ridiculous in a simple *apperçu*; and yet the critic pretends to comprise it in a few pages of a periodical publication.

The general confusion which I am at first accused of, in treating of the different angles and sides composing the outline of a fortification, is at last reduced to a single and trifling error, with regard to the angle *flanquant*. I have transferred to the angle formed by the flank and the curtain, this term, which is commonly applied to the angle formed by the two lines of defence, or the two branches of the tenaille. Now, to flank means to defend laterally; and the branches of the tenaille defend nothing in this manner; while the flanks of the bastion are expressly designed to defend thus the rest of the circuit. Hence it is evident, how much more correctly my definition applies to the intent of the angle defined, than that of the critic by whom it is censured; and my whole fault, if it may be so termed, is that of adhering rather to the nature of things than to a mere routine of words.

Le Blond was *not* an engineer, nor even a soldier; but I admit that he was well-informed, laborious, and generally as exact in his

observations as he was careful in his researches. Surely, then, my critic gives me a right to adduce the authority of Le Blond in mere geometrical questions and simple historical facts, since he cites him as a supreme judge in regard to the definitions of fortification, which certainly belong more to engineers than others. Now it is from the elements of Le Blond that I have drawn what I say in regard to the practices of Errard, Marolois, the Chevalier de Ville, and the Count de Pagan, practices of which the critic does not contest the ground, though he indulges himself in some digressions not very appropriate to my subject. It is also Le Blond who has pointed out Errard as the most ancient known author, in French, on modern fortification; and I would not mention the latter in a different light, but the more the critic labours to point out earlier writers, the more he proves the proposition which was the sole reason of my mention of Errard, namely, that the necessity of giving bastions to the *enceinte* was naturally felt as soon as that of terrassing and widening the rampart, and indeed it was an infallible consequence of that necessity, in the same manner as that of widening the rampart was derived from the invention of gunpowder.

The critic remarks, that my profils are *a little*, and *only a little*, different from those of Vauban; and insinuates that I affect the merit of innovation in this respect, yet with the timidity of a scholar who gropes his way, and fears to lose himself as soon as he departs from the line traced by his master. Our engineer and critic is then ignorant, that since the death of Vauban, and particularly since the formation of *his first* system, the art of fortification has been the object of real melioration; and that the great man in question, having anticipated many improvements; pointed them out himself, in order to invite others to improve his ideas judiciously, instead of copying them servilely. Now, it is from the writings of the most able as well as the most celebrated of his disciples—that is, from the Memoirs of Cormontaigne—that I have drawn, with due confidence, the profils I have given, and the legitimate reasons for their variations from those of Vauban. To the eyes of the superficial observer, who merely looks at the drawing, such variation is not strongly marked; but it is an important one to him who appreciates the nature and intent of the rampart there designed.

I will not dwell on the reproaches with which I am favoured by my critic for confining myself to regular fortification. I have indeed shown, in many places, particularly in page 202, the extreme importance and delicacy of irregular fortification: but to convey proper notions of that branch of the art, I must have entered into discussions inconsistent with the nature and avowed design of my work. Officers of the line, for whom I have particularly written, have neither time nor occasion to investigate the science of fortification, and, above all, the fortification of places; and therefore it was not necessary to present its particular modifications, but to develope the general principles which form the foundation of the art, and prove its invariable utility. Hence I have confined myself to a concise, simple, and, I hope, rational review of these principles; and I flatter myself, that the reader who may favour my treaties with his attention, will not deem his time mis-

spent, should be afterwards pursue the study of fortification in all its different branches, in the works already before the public.

Lastly, in regard to the chapter which I have employed in describing the influence of strong places in a general system of warfare, and in pointing out their proper situation, magnitude, distance, and number, the critic has contented himself with magisterially declaring my ideas equally ridiculous and absurd, without condescending to notice the reasons on which they are founded. It would be easy to prove that these principles *have been* and *are* still followed; but I have already sufficiently trespassed on your limits; and therefore I content myself with opposing assertion to assertion; and declaring that I have drawn them from the great masters of the art, particularly from Cormontaigne, whose merit and reputation cannot be affected by my praises or the railings of my censor.

Feeling that a man of honour ought not to be indifferent to the opinion of the public in regard either to his writings or his person, the object of the present apology is simply to protest against the unqualified censures of a man whom I neither know nor wish to know, and whose design has evidently been to decry instead of to criticise my work. To leave such censures unnoticed, would have been to commit an injustice against myself; but, after this explanation, I trust the liberality and wisdom of a British public will render it unnecessary to make any further reply to a series of invectives, not merely levelled against myself, but against national establishments of the most distinguished utility, especially in the present circumstances.—I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

B^on^. L. DE FAGES—VAUMALE.

POLITICS.

WE have long thought this country to be in a critical situation, and every day's experience seems to give fresh confirmation to the fact. Never surely was a crisis so truly aweful, nor one which more imperatively called for wisdom in council, and energy in action. The accounts received from the United States of America prove, beyond all possibility of a doubt, that Jefferson is at the head of a French faction, bent on war with England, from a servile wish to flatter the pride and to conciliate the friendship of that murderous usurper, whose iron reign is already extended over the fairest part of Europe. Indeed, Mr. Pickering, who has displayed the talents of an able statesman, has proved to demonstration, from existing and authentic documents, that the American Embargo Act was passed in compliance with the wishes of Buonaparte, as expressed by his minister Champagny, in his correspondence with general Armstrong. The very attempt to

assign a false pretext for his conduct, and the dishonest efforts of the committee of congress to support that pretext, supply a satisfactory proof that it proceeded from motives which he was either ashamed, or afraid, to avow.

The alternative presented to the American legislature, by this complaisant committee, is well worthy the attention of our ministers. America must, they say, either continue the embargo, and ruin their trade; submit to the existing decrees and orders of France and Great Britain, by the sacrifice of their rights and independence; declare war against both; or make an enemy of the one and an ally of the other. Without stopping to analise this curious result of their laborious investigation, it is easy to perceive, that though these sage counsellors *say* that their country ought to go war with *both* France and England—the most preposterous of all notions!—they ardently wish to familiarise the minds of the people with the idea of war, with a view to prepare them for the final accomplishment of their leader's long meditated plan—a declaration of war against this country, and an alliance with France.

In pursuance of this plan, we state it as a fact, orders have been given, though not publicly, for preparing letters of marque and reprisal. Against *whom*, let us ask, can these preparations be made, except against Great Britain? Certainly not against France; for, independently of all the circumstances, France has not a frigate to fight, nor a merchantman to capture. But how far these foolish proceedings of the American government will turn to our benefit or disadvantage, must depend entirely on the conduct of our own cabinet. If we act wisely, America is playing the very game we could wish her to play. There is one leading object which should, at this crisis of our fate, engross, as it were, the attention of our ministers—the adoption of every possible means for rendering the commerce and security of Great Britain wholly independent of the continent of Europe, and of the American states. It is now an established fact, that lumber and staves, and every article of necessity, which we have been accustomed to draw from America, may be supplied either by our own colonists in Canada and Nova Scotia, or by our allies, the Portuguese, from the Brazils. It is, therefore, the bounden duty of ministers to afford every encouragement, by bounties, by an exclusive trade, or by any means which may be found most conducive to the object, to our colonists and allies, to exert themselves so as to render the supply adequate

to the demand. This is not a matter of temporary concern, it is an object of permanent, and of paramount, importance. We have, at length, opened our eyes to our interest, and abandoned our suicidal policy, so far as to prohibit the consumption of French produce in our fleets and armies, and to substitute, in its place, the produce of our own colonies. It is now only a matter of astonishment to the world, as, indeed, it has for some time been to us, that we should so long have persisted in a practice, at once so absurd and so mischievous, so favourable to our enemies, and so destructive to ourselves. Let us, then, pursue and extend the same system of policy; let us reject the productions of France and America; draw all our supplies from Canada, Nova Scotia, and the Brazils; and endeavour to open new and sufficient markets for our manufactures, in the wide-extended regions of South America.—HIC LABOR, HOC OPUS EST.

The ministers have no ordinary policy to adopt; have no trite and common maxims to follow; have no beaten track to pursue—all is new around them; their exertions must be proportioned to the exigency of the times; and they must never forget, that the opposition of *ordinary* means to *extraordinary* measures has produced the ruin of Europe and the triumph of France. We are not accustomed to employ revolutionary phrases, but, for once, we must observe, that, if the ministers be not *à la hauteur des circonstances,* if they be not prepared for efforts adequate to the emergency; they had much better forbear all further operations, and, without any more useless effusion of blood, bow the knee to Baal, and acknowledge the supremacy of Buonaparte! The times, in truth, are tremendously awful, and sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. All considerations must now give way to the safety of the state, and to the salvation of millions—SALUS REIPUBLICÆ LEX SUPREMA EST. No honest man can now take a part in the direction of public affairs, with the conscious deficiency of wisdom, activity, and vigour. In ordinary times, honesty alone is a strong recommendation to office, and a tolerable safeguard against public danger. But, in a revolutionary æra like this, first-rate talents, a mind fertile in resources, strong in resolution, and decisive in action, are essential qualifications for public situations of power and trust.

There are, we trust, among the present ministers, men of this description; but that there are, amongst them, also, some of an opposite cast, it were folly to deny, and cowardice not to assert. Their actions, however, constitute the only fair criterion for the formation of a correct estimate of their knowledge and talents. We have given them honest praise for their past conduct; and we will judge of their future measures with the same impartiality.

The actual situation of the Spanish part of South America calls for the particular attention of government: the inhabitants of that country are extremely dissatisfied with the neglect of the Supreme Junta of Spain to afford them the smallest relief from the severe oppression, and tyrannical restrictions, under which they have long laboured. And whatever may be the issue of the present contest in Europe, they are determined to throw off the yoke of the mother country, and to assert their own independence. Had our government acted wisely, when they sent out expeditions to the *Rio de la Plata*, they would have offered to guarantee the independence of the South Americans, and have required no other return than a treaty of commerce, equally beneficial to both countries, instead of being actuated by visionary notions of impracticable conquests. As it is, ministers have a difficult part to play; for, by acknowledging the independence of South America, they may offend the patriots of Spain; and, on the other hand, by refusing the acknowledgement, they may lose an opportunity of the most important nature to the commercial and political interests of this country — an opportunity, which, once lost, may never return. They must have a better knowledge of the state of public affairs, and of the probability of success in any given quarter, than individuals can possibly possess. But the danger of hesitation is great, and the necessity of vigour and decision manifest.

We confess we have been disappointed at the conduct of our government, respecting the overtures which have been made to them by a public character from America. With the marked hostility displayed by the United States, what difficulty or hesitation there could be in acting on a long established and universally recognised principle of the law of nations, we are at a loss to imagine. To be scrupulous about the personal characte the individual

was surely no proof of political wisdom. The real points for consideration were, what good he proposed to do to this country, and what were his means of producing it. He is, unquestionably, a man of superior talents, and better acquainted with the disposition of the people of America, than any other person to whom ministers can possibly refer for information on that subject. If such scruples as these were suffered to operate as impediments to arrangements of great national importance, we should have no hope of success in a contest with such an enemy as Buonaparte, who (*wisely* for the accomplishment of his own plans) accepts offers of assistance from foreigners, without requiring them to bring with them *certificates of good behaviour.* If the amount of only one year's produce of the office of first teller of the exchequer had been *properly applied* in America, we should have heard nothing of *embargo acts, non-intercourse bills,* or *alliance with France.* Integrity in a statesman cannot be too highly admired; but puritanism, either in politics or religion, cannot be too strongly censured. We shall quit this subject for the present, but shall take an early opportunity of recurring to it.

The Report of the Court of Inquiry, on the Convention of Cintra, has astonished us beyond measure. And we derive no better reasons than the members have themselves supplied, to justify an opposite conclusion to that which they have drawn; and to demonstrate the necessity of further proceedings; unless, indeed, it be contended that *error in judgment,* in military commanders, affords no subject for prosecution and no ground of complaint, let its consesequences be what they may. We do not believe that any one will be found so bold as to maintain a proposition so preposterous; and, therefore, we shall take it for granted, that error in judgment, when it has led to error in practice, is a culpable defect, as well in military as in naval commanders. Nobody ever presumed to question the courage of an admiral who was tried, not long since, for not engaging an enemy of superior force; and indeed it was proved that his misconduct, for such it was pronounced, was imputable solely to an error in judgment. In this case, too, it was not pretended that he acted in opposition to the opinion of his best officers. But in Portugal it has been demonstrated, that Sir Harry Burrard, in refusing to pursue the defeated French, after the battle of Vimiera, acted in direct opposition to the opinion and advice of Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Ferguson. The report

was woefully deficient in another respect, for it wholly omitted to notice one important point which was an object of specific reference to the Court—we mean, the terms or conditions of the Convention. It is not easy to conceive how this could have been overlooked by them;—but so it was;—and even when the members were reminded of the omission, and called upon to supply this extraordinary defect, they contented themselves with an expression of approbation or disapprobation of the Convention in the aggregate; and assigned no specific reasons, and entered into no detail, respecting articles unparallelled in the history of military treaties! Fortunately, however, the disgrace attached to this part of the transaction will attach where alone it ought to attach; and we congratulate the nation on the formal disavowal of the principle on which the articles referred to were founded, as well as of the articles themselves, by the highest authority in the country. In the official communication to Sir Hew Dalrymple, that officer is told, that "HIS MAJESTY *felt himself compelled, at once, to express his disapprobation of those articles, in which stipulations were made directly affecting the interests or feelings of the Spanish and Portuguese nations.*" Again, after the Inquiry was closed, the KING repeated his disapprobation, "*deeming it necessary that his sentiments should be clearly understood, as to the impropriety and danger of the unauthorised admission, into Military Conventions, of articles of such a description, which, especially when incautiously framed, may lead to the most injurious consequences.*" We take some credit to ourselves for having been the first to point out the gross impropriety, and the dangerous tendency, of those articles, in our animadversions on the Convention immediately after it was received.

Another part of the same communication, however, has excited very different sensations in our minds, from the information which it conveys of the adoption, by the King, of the opinion of the Court of Inquiry—"that no further military proceeding is necessary to be had upon the transactions referred to their investigation." This is to us, we confess, and will be, we are persuaded, to a great majority of the nation, most unwelcome intelligence. We repeat, that, from a most attentive perusal of the report, and a most serious consideration of the reasons assigned by the different members, we not only have found no ground for this opinion, but abundant proofs, to satisfy our minds, of

the necessity of instituting further proceedings. Stripped of all meretricious embellishments, and of all collateral and superfluous matter, let us see what is the plain fact.—A British army is sent, as auxiliaries to the government of Portugal, to recover the possession of their country from the French; a general action takes place, soon after their arrival, in which the whole of the French force is defeated by a part of the British force; when the action has begun, a new British commander arrives, who, however, leaves the conduct of the battle to the officer who had planned it; that officer, and another officer who had commanded a division of the victorious army, propose immediately to improve the advantage obtained by a prompt and vigorous pursuit of the flying lines; the new commander rejects the proposal, and keeps the army on the ground; the next day another new commander arrives, and concludes an armistice with the enemy, to be followed up by a definitive convention; pending the negociation, a considerable reinforcement of British troops reaches the scene of action—no advantage, however, is taken of this favourable circumstance; the negociation continues, as if it never had occurred; and, after nine days, terminates, by granting to the conquered army terms as favourable as they could have desired had they been victorious, and still thought their services would be more beneficial to their country in another quarter.—The conditions of the Convention are universally acknowledged to be dishonourable to this country, and advantageous only to the enemy. The officer who concluded the treaty exceeds his authority, by the admission of articles on subjects of which he could have no cognisance, and by invading the rights and the sovereignty of the ally whom he was sent to protect, by extending pardon and impunity to all his traitorous and rebellious subjects. The reason assigned as the motive of his conduct is proved to be insufficient, frivolous, and absurd. He was influenced, forsooth, by a conviction of the necessity of strengthening the Spanish army with all possible expedition. Yet he suffers the transports, by which alone the British army could be either expeditiously or conveniently conveyed to Spain, to be filled with the enemy's troops. The consequence is, that twenty thousand French troops with their commander reinforce the enemy's army in Spain before sixteen thousand British troops can reach that country from Portugal. And yet we are to be told, when the nation is thus disgraced, and when the noble cause which

they are sustaining is thus injured, there is nobody to blame, that there is no ground for bringing any one of the commanders to trial!!!—— If indeed our military code be so dreadfully deficient as to provide no punishment for such misconduct, it is high time that it should undergo a legislative revision, and be rendered more effective for the purposes of enforcing an observance of military duty, and of protecting the nation, against dishonour and injury, from the ignorance of military commanders.

As to courts of inquiry, the conduct of the late Court has altered our opinion respecting their utility; and unless the improvements which we lately suggested are adopted, we hope never to see another such court assembled. Indeed, some of the members of the late Court seem to have rendered the duties of the *judge* subservient to the feelings of the *officer*; while one at least appeared chiefly anxious to transfer the blame from the *commanders* to the *ministers*. But it would puzzle a wiser head, we conceive, and we say it without meaning any disrespect to the members, than any which that Court contained, to find out any ground of censure against ministers, for sending out commanders, to whom the Court themselves attach no blame; and against whom, in the opinion of the Court, no proceedings ought to be instituted. If the commanders be blameless, how can blame attach to those who appointed them? The supposition is ridiculous. We, however, think otherwise; and therefore, though it be grossly inconsistent on the part of the Court of Inquiry, it is perfectly consistent, on our part, to avow our fixed opinion, that blame, and very great blame, attaches to the person or persons by whom Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple were appointed. This is a subject which must, and no doubt will, experience the most ample investigation. Whether the appointment of these officers originated with the commander-in-chief or with the secretary for the war-department, some very satisfactory reasons indeed, of the existence of which we have not the smallest conception, must be assigned, before such appointment can be justified in the eyes of the country. And if no such reasons be assigned, whatever the decision of Parliament may be on the subject, the voice of the nation will proclaim these censures, which every friend of his country must feel to be just, and must, of course, wish to hear strongly pronounced and properly applied. We must abolish the wretched system of *favouritism* and *influence*, in respect of military appointments, or

we shall have little chance of successfully opposing our enemy in the field. And there is not one public writer in the kingdom, unless influenced by sinister motives, and having sinister views, nor one individual who really loves his country, who will refuse to contribute his efforts to the accomplishment of an object of such vital importance to the dearest interests of the state. He must be a wretch, indeed, and wholly unworthy the name and character of an Englishman, who, in the discussion of such a subject, can suffer himself to be influenced by party-spirit, or biassed by selfish motives. It is the pure, noble, unadulterated sentiment and feeling of genuine patriotism, that should fire the heart and invigorate the mind, when an object of this paramount consequence is to be considered. All prejudice and all partiality to ministers, or to opposition, should be sunk in the discussion; and the COUNTRY alone be allowed to occupy our thoughts, to animate our efforts, and direct our judgment. In the investigation, as in the decision, all consideration for individuals, of whatever rank or party, should be disregarded; and truth, honour, and justice, employed in the best of causes, and directed to the best of purposes, should assert their undivided sway over the mind. We are well disposed to the present ministers, we admire the principles on which they came into power, and we approve the greater part of their conduct since they have been in office; but the support of them must be a subordinate consideration to the support of our country, and depend entirely on the tendency of their measures to forward her interests, and to promote her prosperity. A support so regulated, and so *principled* (if the expression may be allowed), is the only support which honest men will consent to give, or which honest ministers can wish to receive. Hence it follows, of necessity, that *if* they could have recourse to a system of policy, wholly or partially inimical to the public welfare, which, we feel persuaded, the present ministers never will, they would have us for their opponents. *If*, for instance, they could connive at the bestowal of blank commissions, extending even to the commission of a field officer, on a common prostitute, to be filled up with the names of any person to whom *she* might *sell* them—a practice from the disgrace of which this country is happily rescued by the known purity which prevails in her military department—would it not be our duty to raise our voice against these faithless servants of the crown, who could basely violate the trust reposed in them by their sove-

reign, by the toleration of an abuse so well calculated to bring his authority into contempt, and so highly dangerous to the state? We hope never to be put to such a trial; but if, in some luckless hour, when the genius of Britain slumbered, it should be the case, we feel sufficient firmness to discharge that duty. Though we may not have to dread the existence of so flagrant an abuse, the occurrence of such an extreme case as that which we have suggested—and though we be ready to admit that the present commander-in-chief introduced many salutary regulations into the army—still it cannot be denied that there yet remains abundant necessity for farther and more extensive reforms. Besides the mode of appointing commanders, of the fatal tendency of which we have recently had such flagrant instances, there are many other abuses which call for immediate and effectual regulation. The fantastic mode of drilling and manœuvring our troops, fashioned after the distinguished system of the German school, which has brought that country to the brink of ruin, is not only ridiculous but prejudicial; and should be made to yield to a more simple and natural mode of training men for offensive warfare. The arbitrary power, too, assumed by the colonels of regiments, to alter the dress of their officers at their pleasure, and too often most capriciously exercised in a manner ruinous to the subalterns, should be either wholly removed, or effectually checked. If colonels paid more attention to the *principles* of their officers, and less to their *uniforms*, we should not be so frequently disgusted by the sight of a determined jacobin in regimentals, or by hearing sentiments of disloyalty from a man bearing his majesty's commission! We trust we shall live to see the day, when no military commission will be sold, and when *merit* (not *interest* or *favour*) will be the only means of promotion.

Before these strictures can meet the public eye, the two houses of Parliament will probably have come to some decision on the Convention of Cintra. There is one point connected with this question, on which, we confess, we cannot devise any mode of justification to which the secretary for the war department can have recourse. From the papers laid before the Court of Inquiry, it appeared, that, on the appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple to the command of the army in Portugal, Lord Castlereagh expressly recommended him to listen to the advice of Sir Arthur Wellesley, whom he was sent to supersede. Whence could this recommen-

dation proceed, if not from a conviction, in his lordship's mind, that Sir Arthur was the most able commander of the two; for otherwise, the recommendation would be ridiculous, as a military man is not directed to take advice from another less able than himself. And if this were the case, as it evidently must have been, on what plea, or on what principle, could Lord Castlereagh justify the appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple to supersede Sir Arthur Wellesley; or, in other words, the least able commander to supersede the most able one? We do not see the possibility of avoiding the obvious inference to be drawn from the extraordinary letter in question; which already proves Lord Castlereagh's opinion of the superiority of Sir Arthur to Sir Hew, at the very moment when he appointed the latter to supersede the former. When this circumstance is coupled with the incapacity subsequently displayed, it forms a case so strong as to require some very powerful facts indeed to overthrow it.

The parliamentary campaign has opened, and we are glad to find, in the speech from the throne, that it is the determination of ministers to increase our military force. The necessity for that has been long manifest to us; and indeed has appeared to us so pressing as to call for the meeting of Parliament at a more early period for that specific object. Mr. Ponsonby, who leads the opposition, is as ill qualified for his office as any gentleman need to be; and if the newspapers should fail to supply him with materials for his speeches, we fear that he will soon be reduced to silence.

In the upper house, Earl St. Vincent, in a strain of eloquence peculiar to himself, though not extremely well adapted to the senate, pronounced the destruction of the country inevitable, unless ministers were speedily removed. The most satisfactory part of his lordship's speech, however, was the closing paragraph; in which he informed the world, that he was in his seventy-fifth year, and should probably never speak again in that house! It is to be lamented, indeed, that time and experience do not always produce their natural fruits; and that an old man may have retained the intemperance of youth without having acquired the wisdom of age.

It was a matter of astonishment to us that Lord Grenville should have entered his protest against sending a single soldier to Spain. We should have thought, indeed, that there had not been one

man in the kingdom who would have regretted the expense of either blood or treasure, in the support of a cause, which is peculiarly the cause of a country in which Freedom has established her favourite seat.

The news from Spain, though disheartening in one point of view (for it will ever be a disheartening circumstance to an Englishman to witness the retreat of a British army), is encouraging in another. Sir John Moore's retreat and subsequent embarkation with a loss so comparatively small, when all the circumstances of his situation are considered, is highly creditable to his skill and perseverance, as well as to the fortitude and resolution of his troops. He must have created a very powerful diversion; and by drawing the main army of the enemy very far from the south of Spain, have left the patriots in that quarter ample time to assemble a powerful force. The news of the success of the Duke de l'Infantado in expelling the French from Madrid, and of their defeat at Saragossa by Palafox, will, we trust, be confirmed. The British army will, of course, be landed in a southern part, there to render more effective service than it has yet been able to perform. But the ultimate success of this great struggle must depend upon the Spaniards themselves, without whose cordial co-operation all *our* efforts must prove abortive. We confess, we dread the *arts* of Buonaparte more than his *arms*; and consider *treachery* as a more fatal weapon than either the *sword* or the *musket*. That *Morla* was bribed by French gold to betray the capital of his country into the hands of the enemy, does not, unfortunately, admit of a doubt. And there is too much reason to believe that *Castanos* also has sold his honour to the base destroyers of Spanish independence. The ruffian Buonaparte, who always acts as an assassin wherever he goes, has published a list of proscription, which, we hope, we may regard as a certificate of patriotism: the Duke de l'Infantado may feel an honest pride at being placed at the head of it. But should the tyrant execute his threats, and murder a single Spaniard, whom the chance of war may place in his hands, for his fidelity to his lawful sovereign, and for the defence of his country's independence, we trust that signal retaliation will be inflicted on every Frenchman who may fall into the hands of the patriots. It is only by reprisals, and the fear which they inspire, that the savage heart of this abandoned ruffian can be made to relent. He was bred in the school of Robespierre, who was virtuous when compared with him: he has found the benefits of a

system of terror; and he will continue to enforce it, until he finds some power with sense and resolution enough to make *him* feel its effects. Forbearance, in such cases, is not only cowardice, but cruelty; it encourages crime, and lends a sanction to murder.

The correspondence which has been laid before Parliament, between the British minister on the one hand, and the French and Russian ministers on the other; while it demonstrates the firmness and wisdom of our cabinet, proves the absolute subserviency of the Russian emperor to the Corsican tyrant. This wretched prince is studying French politics in the adulterous lap of a French prostitute. Madame Chevalier has successfully pleaded the cause of Napoleon in the court of Alexander! — *Delirant reges, plectuntur achivi!* — Are the kings of the continent resolved to justify, by their conduct, all the foul accusations of the regicides? Is the Russian empire to be sunk not only in slavery, but in disgrace, by the senseless profligacy of an ignorant boy? Will the Russian nobility suffer the murderer Caulaincourt to reign triumphant in the palace of their sovereign? Are French influence and French poison to extend to the remotest regions of the North, to infect all minds, and to spread death and desolation around, without restriction and without controul?

There is one part of a letter from Monsieur Champagny to Mr. Canning, in which the wily Frenchman has not exercised the usual circumspection of his cabinet. He has given the most formal contradiction to the assertions of loyalty and attachment so repeatedly made in the names of all the Catholics of Ireland. With "*the Catholic insurgents,*" as he uncourteously calls them, "*France has been in communication, has made them promises, and has* FREQUENTLY *sent them succours.*" This, indeed, is no news to us: but how strongly, and how systematically, has it been denied by the advocates for the Catholics! What will their pleader, Dr. Milner, say to this? — For our part, we thank Monsieur Champagny for his candour, while we cannot but wonder at his imprudence.

The whole of this short negociation reflects honour on our ministers; and while they rigidly adhere to so wise, firm, and judicious a system of policy, they will, we are persuaded, secure the support and enjoy the confidence of the country.

JANUARY 21st. — *The anniversary of the murder of the lawful* KING OF FRANCE, *by the friends and patrons of the usurper Buonaparte.*

P. S. — Our army in Spain, it seems, has been obliged to risk an action under the walls of Corunna, before they could em-

bark in safety. Notwithstanding the superiority of the enemy's force, the British troops have bravely sustained the honour of their country, and nobly supported the character which they acquired in Egypt, at Maïda, and at Vimiera. They sustained but little loss, considering the nature of the contest, and the magnitude of the force opposed to them. Sir John Moore fell in the field of honour, admired, beloved, and lamented. The patriot's tear will water his grave. We trust our gallant troops have, ere this, reached the harbour of Cadiz; for we can give no credit to a malicious report, that they have returned to this country to *refit*: the bare supposition is a gross libel on the government. We trust, also, that *most powerful reinforcements* will be dispatched to the south of Spain with more promptitude and celerity than have marked our military expeditions of late. We take it for granted, that the British admiral has not suffered the Spanish ships at *Ferrol* to fall into the hands of the French. Without vigour and decision, we repeat, the cause is lost. But we have not room for any farther observations on this all-interesting subject.

JANUARY 23d.

MISCELLANIES.

THE POET-LAUREAT'S ODE, AND THE NEWSMAN'S VERSES.

To the Editor of the Antijacobin Review.

CANTARE PARES.

AT the commencement of every year, the public are gratified, by immemorial usage, with various poetical productions. Of these, the most distinguished is the ode presented to their majesties by the poet-laureat. In humble imitation of this great example, the newsman, the bellman, and the lamp-lighter, each presents his tribute in verse to his worthy customers; and junior poets, to enliven the festivities of twelfth-night, compose poetical characters for little masters and misses. Thus, from the highest to the lowest, all the votaries of the Muse exert their talents at this festive season: but as the rank of their patrons varies, so vary their rewards. The laurel'd poet, who writes for majesty, receives one hundred pounds and a butt of sack for his annual offering; but it is said, that since that species of wine has no longer been in use, this part of the salary has been shabbily committed for 30l. the estimated value of a butt of sack a century ago; and the want of the customary inspiring

juice has by many been assigned as a reason for the late lamentable falling off in the poet-laureat's strains. The newsman, the bellman, and the lamp-lighter, in return for their present to their worthy customers, receive with thanks a few half-crowns and shillings; and a sixpence purchases, for the king and queen of twelfth-night and all their little court, a set of new characters with poetical illustrations.

On reading Mr. Pye's Ode for the New Year in yesterday's paper, curiosity led me to think of comparing his production with those of his rival contemporaries; but such is the short-lived modern existence of poetry, that the verses of the bellman and the lamp-lighter were no longer extant. Oblivion too had wrapt her mantle round all the twelfth-night characters; and after a most laborious search, through both parlour and kitchen, only the newsman's verses could be found. They, however, sufficed for the experiment; and finding in some passages of the respective compositions of these great poets such a rivalry of excellence, and in others such a contrast of beauties, as left me at a loss to decide which was the worthiest to wear the bays, I hasten to communicate my observations upon them to you, and submit the point to your critical judgment.

It is unnecessary to prefix a copy of either of these Odes to my critique, for they are universally read; and the impressions their beauties make on the mind is so striking, that he who once reads can never forget them.

The argument, or general design of a poem, is the first subject of examination. Mr. Pye, in his Ode, lays down these propositions; that the sea, if it is not kept out, will come in; and if it is kept out, will not come in. He then illustrates these propositions by a simile, comparing Buonaparte to the sea; shewing that where he has not been kept out he has come in, and that where he has been kept out he has not come in; and concludes in a strain of highly-animated imagery, foretelling the success of the united exertions of Great Britain and Spain. The newsman, in his poem, takes a wider scope, and presents a greater variety of images to the view of his readers: he commences with observing, that

> "Nations mourn a tyrant's dread controul,
> And death and carnage paralise the soul;"

but trusts that his customers will call off their attention, from those appalling considerations, to his annual lay. He congratulates them, that while other people are slaves, they are free, happy, and rich; and after thus artfully introducing this encouraging reflexion, solicits a Christmas-box; hopes that those who contribute to make him happy, will be happy themselves, and long live to continue their benefactions.

From the foregoing view of the design of these poems, it appears that simplicity and and sublimity are the great characteristics in that of Mr. Pye;—a happy invention, and an artful arrangement of matter, in that of the newsman. The one is addressed rather to the stronger passions, the other to the softer feelings. The one resembles the ocean it describes, in a state of awful grandeur. The other

the gentle river, winding its course through beautiful and diversified scenery; or, to use the author's own words,

"Our fertile fields, our meadows, and our plains."

To sum up this branch of the comparison, in poetry as in painting there are different styles of excellence, and each is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master.

With respect to the execution of these poems, it must be admitted, that in the "majestic march of his verse, and in framing the long resounding line," Mr. Pye has a great advantage over the newsman, from the use of compound epithets. The "full-orbed moon," the "torrent-braving mound," the "wide-water'd coast," are flights of sublimity, to which the newsman cannot attain. He has indeed made one attempt of this kind, in the "full-thronged city:" but as, if the city is full it must be thronged, and if it is thronged it must be full, he has only added to the words without adding to the sense: whereas, a true compound epithet brings out two ideas at once, just as a double-barrelled gun brings down two birds out of the same covey.

In correctness and propriety of expression, the newsman may claim the palm. Several instances of inattention to these requisites occur in the Ode of the poet-laureat; among which the following are too glaring to escape notice. He says,

"We scan the torrent wild of war,
Resistless spread its iron reign."

There may certainly be an iron torrent, that is of cast iron; and I presume Mr Pye caught the idea of this simile at a foundry: but how a torrent can be said to *reign* I cannot conceive.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

SEVERAL communications should have appeared this month which are necessarily deferred till our next, the cause of which will be evident to the respective writers. "*Les Memoires de M. le Comte de Puisaye*" have not yet been received.

With the present number is published the Appendix to Vol. 31, containing, besides a review of foreign literature, Mr. Pickering's speech, correctly given at length as delivered in the American senate, in which he developes the Gallician policy of Jefferson, and his pre-determined hostility to this country; and also Bishop Milner's Letters respectiug the royal *veto* on the nomination of Irish Roman Catholic bishops, with the observations and strictures which have appeared on them, both in Ireland and England. These documents will be found important to the historian of the times, and are equal in extent to the usual contents of three half-crown pamphlets.